

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's



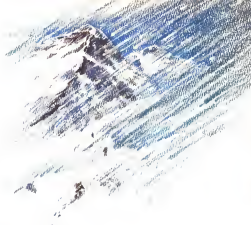
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

**Macleans**

AUGUST 9, 1982 VOL. 95 NO. 31



#### Delaying democracy

Three federal by-elections are hanging fire, and the Liberal government, harassed at every hand and lagging in the polls, is in no mood to face the music. — Page 12



#### How to celebrate royalty

The Prince and Princess of Wales marked a year of wedded bliss by posing for the world's first official look at their new son, Prince William. — Page 35

#### COVER

#### After-hours learning

People used to bury education along with their college jerseys. Now the pursuit of learning has led thousands of adults back to the classroom in search of career advancement and intellectual stimulation. Educators are calling it the nation's number 1 hobby. And this summer the focus is on an over who will control the continuing education industry. — Page 39

COVER PHOTO BY SHAWN ROSS/STANDARD



#### The resort to desert law

While the demons of West Beirut dig out corpses from the broken city's rubble, diplomats struggled to secure a formula for removing the PLO guerrillas. — Page 19



#### Secure under the crown

Our runner-up had complaints, but Canada's Karen Baldwin said she respected the judges who made her the country's first Miss Universe last week in Peru. — Page 36

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## An image change

The cover of July 19 *Special Effects*, the *Regiment News Sheet*, was perhaps the nicest all year that did not contain either some grim image of world affairs or some (usually) cheerful image of our Royal Family. Thanks for letting me know that some good things do go on in this world.

—ADAM GERRA,  
Morris, Man.

## Ince: the feds could do better?

Mike Love's critique for the capitalist system caused him to write a provocative article and distort the facts of nickel mining in Sudbury beyond all reason (*Why Two Must Be Nationalized*, *Podium*, July 19). Canada produces about 25 per cent of the world's supply of nickel. Russia is second with 20 per cent, and New Caledonia produces 11 per cent. The remaining 44 per cent comes from a number of countries. Mr. Love conveniently ignores the fact that three successive prime ministers in Canada, although Ince is the largest, All Canadian companies—in fact, all the world companies—are having problems. The suggestion that profits are being used to pay shareholders' dividends instead of being reinvested in Sudbury is ludicrous. First, less than half of Ince's employees work in Sudbury. Second, the company's sales over the past 18 years totalled \$14.4 billion. Employees and suppliers were paid \$39.4 billion. Various governments received \$1.3 billion in taxes. The shareholders—the owners of the business—were paid \$9.9 billion. Mr. Love gets a better return on his bank account. In 1972 Ince was not debt-



Art of illusion: service technology

free as Mr. Love stated—it had debts of \$515 million. This slightly more than doubled in 38 years. Could a group of bungling government bureaucrats have done any worse. Mr. Love asks: Does the \$19-billion federal deficit tell him anything?

—J.M. HEDDER,  
Executive Director,  
Ontario Mining Association,  
Toronto

## Of jokes and official positions

I must take very strong exception to quotes attributed to me in your report about Montreal city politics (*A Sudden Shock at City Hall*, Canada, Aug. 2). The views attributed to me were taken entirely out of context during a friendly and private farewell dinner we had for the departing New York Times correspondent for Canada. In an atmosphere of fellowship and camaraderie my journalistic colleagues joked with me about the state of city politics, and I responded in a lighthearted, joking manner. For your correspondent to represent those views as my official position is, in my view, journalistically unethical.

—SID AUF DER HAAR,  
Montreal

## Not even on a clear day

Regarding your July 19 *Travel* article, *Michelin's Smiles Canada*. I am so surprised, but flattered words or expressions have to be exact. Guide's writer is guide's words, because guide is masculine in French. Furthermore, if you can have a view from Mont Ste-Anne (about 35 km east of Quebec City) of the village of Perle on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, distances are rather silly shrinking or, on a clear day, the Michelin researchers could see anywhere.

—CLAUDE HARRIS,  
Ste-Jude, Que.

DECE. Retired senator John Joseph Connolly, 75, after surgery in an Ottawa hospital. A lawyer and an academic, Connolly served as an executive assistant to the late Angus L. Macdonald, minister of national defence for Naval Services, before being appointed to the Senate in 1968. As its government leader during the Lester Pearson era, Connolly spearheaded legislation making 75 the mandatory retirement age.

DECE. Hal Foster, 90, creator of the Prince Valiant comic strip, after a long illness, in Spring Hill, Pa. Foster, a native of Halifax, created the adventure strip at the request of newspaper magazine *William Randolph Hearst* in 1927. Noted for his mastery of figure drawing, Foster was the first living cartoonist to be admitted to the Hall of Fame of the Museum of Cartoon Art in Greenwich, Conn.

DECE. Olympic medal-winning weightlifter, wrestler and actor Haruki Sakata, 65, of cancer, in a Honolulu hospital. On screen Sakata was best known for his emaciated portrayal of the man with the deadly bowler, Oddjob, in the James Bond movie *Goldfinger*.

FIRE. David Bombrowsky, 44, president and chief executive officer of Pishish Corp. of Saskatchewan, who, in 15 years, turned the Saskatoon-based Crown corporation into the largest of its kind in the Western World, by new Conservative Premier Grant Devine. Forty other top officials appointed under the previous NDP administration have also been asked to resign in this latest purge, including Robert Monser, 34, president of Saskatchewan Power Corp. of Regina.

REIGNER. Edwin H. Land, 70, the inventor of the instant camera and founder of the Polaroid Corporation, from the position of chairman and director of the new shaky Cambridge, Mass., firm. Land constantly refused his cameras and built a reputation for fairness to his employees, but, after he stepped down from the presidency in 1975, the company's profits plummeted. One particular drain on revenues was his Polaroid movie film, which developed instantly but could not use available light and had no sound.

DEFECTOR. Chinese tennis star Hu Na, 29, after the 22-nation Federation Cup tournament in Santa Clara, Calif. One of the top women players in China, she is considered to have world-class potential. The U.S. immigration department has not yet decided to grant Na's asylum application.

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### Losing the ERA battle

Anyone with a grain of sense would undoubtedly have to agree that women should be granted the status of equality with men. That is, except women who are prone to childish temper tantrums and extortionist tactics such as chaining themselves to train tracks, conducting hunger strikes and throwing bags of blood at legislators (The Five on a Hot August, United States, July 13). These types prove themselves to be spoiled brats who should be sent to bed without supper for a constitutional

amendment for that matter! It is unfortunate that it only takes a few rotten apples to spoil the barrel or lose the battle.

—KATHY K. PROBY,  
St. John's

### An insult to Canadians

It is good that national coverage is being given to the erosion of hospital facilities for safe, legal abortions due to the intimidation, pressure and legal ploys of the antiabortion lobby (*Legal Clout Without a Trial*, Canada, June 26). But to refer to this group as "pro-life" is insulting to the majority of Canadians,

who, understanding that life is more than mere existence, support the right of women to safe, legal abortions if they need them. Must society once again be faced with the tremendous social, emotional and financial costs of criminal abortions and/or forced parenthood?

—NORMA SCARBOROUGH  
Toronto

### Editorial comments

I suspect let you get away with believing that everyone agrees with your June 22 Editorial, *Memo to Pierre Trudeau—Park Up and Leave Town*. I disagree and would feel quite a few people, even in Victoria, to support me. Those who think their troubles will disappear with Mr. Trudeau and the Liberals, to quote my dear mother, "have another think coming." As for your correspondent who refers to the PM believing himself to be God, what does Joe Clark think he is, if not the Son?

—WINIFRED HAINEMUTH,  
Victoria

Well done! Your Editorial of July 5 (*A Birthday for the Best of Places in the Worst of Times*) is a welcome change from the irresponsible, sensational journalism we see so much of today, whose aim seems to be nothing more than to destroy.

—DON BOWLER,  
Guelph, Ont.

Is it recession or depression (*Days of Wine and Violence: Danger in the New Recession*, Editorial, July 19)? When business is bad in Alberta. When night schools teach bankruptcy classes. When Dore plays chess with six bankers (and Lakeland). When the Expos are down to fourth place. Let's stop kidding ourselves.

—ALLEN E. DARLINGTON,  
Kisselton, B.C.

### Fighting to preserve heritage

Regarding the June 28 article on Swaziland (*Whom the Mythos, World*), the dispute between Swaziland and KwaZulu over the portion of Ngwenema to be ceded by South Africa is more than just an argument over land. Since KwaZulu acquired control of the region in 1959, some 80,000 ethnic Swans have fled to Swaziland because of Bantu intimidation. The refugees feel rather than declare themselves Zulu and thus deny their heritage and links with the Swazi king. It is a fact that many of the chiefs in the Ngwenema region have been traditionally appointed and recognized by the Swazi king and not by the Zulu king.

—MICHAEL WAGNER,  
Menzies, Swaziland

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### PODIUM

## A failure to bring history to life



By R.A.J. Phillips

Someone has been stealing our history, and it's time we get it back. It almost looks like a conspiracy on the part of all governments in Canada and everyone involved in looking after our historic buildings and sites. Somewhere along the way they must have decided that the truth was not good enough or else, instead, to portray history in a squaky-clean light. By doing so, they have robbed us of the feeling for life in the most colorful hours of our past.

If a stranger were to search for our heritage in such historic sites as Fort Henry in Kingston, Ont., or Citadel Hill in Halifax, he would have to conclude that the first tool acquired by our ancestors was a power lawn mower. They must also have had an infinite supply of elegant wigs, high-efficiency vacuum cleaners, barrels of metal polish and cases of air freshener. They would have spent their days bending rebar, flipping hedges or ruffling down to the last dry clump.

A visitor to the original site of Champlain's 1680 "fortification" settlement near Antigonish Regis, saw a popular 25-acre park, with discover paths on the shores of the Annapolis Basin, most courteous guides and enjoy a tour through an exact replica of the original fortification and a restoration of the 18th-century officers' quarters. It is all so ordered, so cheerful. Not a thread is out of place in the sparkling dormitory, the entry tables are polished like mirrors. What a happy life the explorers had!

Yet, to the early settlers who experienced the misery of a dark-stained wooden hut that leaked at night, the place has seemed, if not hell, at least purgatory. The buildings stank from disease, human excrement, unwashed bodies and unchanging clothes. There was no escape from the oppressiveness of winter, and by spring the survivors must often have hated one another. But they did survive. Their heroism was in their endurance and their unwillingness to retreat from an overwhelmingly hostile frontier.

It is fair to reduce our early heroes to the mucky-pamby characters of storybook land? Is it fair to our history?

The federal and provincial governments have spent millions of dollars to restore and/or rebuild a number of old forts such as the Six Mile, Fort Erie and Upper Fort Garry. Many were erected

to keep the Americans out, and all are maintained to bring them in. They are often stately places with imposing architecture, mandatory Kentucky bluegrass, splendid uniforms, and sometimes even theatrical displays of drill and firepower.

But where is the blood? It is true that in many of these forts no blood was ever shed in warfare, but the poets that helped to keep us in the British Empire have a deeper story to tell than we can see in these well-kept monuments. Garrison duty is that dreary colony was hardly a soldier's dream for a career. Life was spare and claustrophobic, the landscape was either a bone-chilling wasteland in winter or a steaming swamp plagued with malarial mosquitoes in summer.

Up in Dawson City, Yukon, the federal government has re-created the Palace Grand Theatre, which, so the story goes, Arizona Charlie Mendon built

**Is it fair to reduce our early heroes to the namby-pamby characters of storybook land? Is it fair to our history?**

out of two steamboats at the height of the gold rush in 1898.

What a magnificent job the historians did in the restoration! What learned memoranda were no doubt written about every detail of the building and its furnishings! What skill with which every artifact was reproduced! But Arizona Charlie would not recognize it.

In his day as a doer, the place was filled with the stench of bodies, urine and vomit. Probably the ceilings were covered with soot and the walls were grubby black where unwashed jackets rubbed up against them. If the gold seekers did not all leave early, their names in their stews, I would be surprised. They would throw their drinks on the floor in moments of enthusiasm and spit on it at others. And there was, it need hardly be said, no such thing as a bath toilet.

But that is not how governments interpret our history today. We may be in awe of the research, but that building has all the ambience of a suburban neocon. Could not some mandarin be sent from Ottawa to spill on the floor?

The failure to bring past history to

life has nothing to do with a lack of effort by governments. On the contrary, they deserve enormous credit for the restoration or re-creation of historic places. When one thinks of the vast attention paid to heritage sites 30 years ago, the range of accomplishment is staggering.

Does officialdom think that the public wants its history museumized and sanitized? Nonsense, the scores of rooms inside stinky preens otherwise. Anytime you have the right to manipulate history to please the consumer?

Sometimes, happily, they tell it as it was. In Louisbourg, N.S., you can feel the cold mist of loneliness turning the glitter of the Sun King's failed fortress and seeing the porters' coat of empire. The unscripted young men longing in the barracks look like real soldiers, and their dismal quarters contrast with the elegance of the governor's mansion.

The Chateau Pons de la Yukon is fringed with rusted tin cans and broken tools from the days of the gold rush. In the spartan one-room schoolhouse at King's Landing near Fredericton, N.S., a re-creation of a colonial settlement, one can sense the upbraiding discipline that was the conditioning required for years of ill-equipped struggle against nature.

Some of our writers, too, have understood the message. Pierre Berton has been accused of writing too vividly about the blood dripping through the War of 1812 in *The Invasion of Canada and Fleets Across the Border*, but he was right. His books will do more to make us feel what we are than a visit to a lawn-enriched fortress.

Well, fellow Canadians, who will redempt a life for the country? Let us face it: those historians? We will write graffiti on barracks walls. Someone can walk across the floor with dirty boots. I will stomp the electric lawn mowers and the crabgrass killer and set the oil lamps high. Who will offer it was a mess? Who will care not to leave their names in their stews, I would be surprised. They would throw their drinks on the floor in moments of enthusiasm and spit on it at others. And there was, it need hardly be said, no such thing as a bath toilet.

Who said our history was dull? Governments did, and it's time they stopped.

R.A.J. Phillips is a freelance writer living in Canby, Que.



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## THIS CANADA

### The subtle art of clowning around

By Michael Chaglin

**D**ressed in tails and white gloves, the clown onstage is the soul of professional aplomb. He balances a chair, white plate on his elbow, lets it slip, and nimbly picks it out of the air, sends it from disaster. A wide-eyed expression appears at the stage door, her face pleading silently for instruction, and the master assaults with a peep and *that* almost immediately

satirist and mime artist is an elusive one, particularly in North America where, according to Ray Pierre, the festival director, "top quality instruction has not been readily available." In part to change that, Pierre has founded the International Festival of Clowning Society, based in Nova Scotia, and plans to hold the festival every two years. Drawn to clowning through its close association with his former career as a professional actor, Pierre says "There's

the vital role of steering society away from chaos. If we sit ourselves with all the humor and humanity of just about any situation, we will laugh at ourselves."

In a cruder vein, comic-rings Bob Berkley tells the students that "the clown's reason for existing is to show us those sides ourselves that are so comfortable with." Costume Berkley gives a graphic demonstration of his philosophy, dropping his towel twice to show his bare behind, flailing with gestures of exasperation and mimicking a green-poll bird. But his routines are so comical that the audience roars with no evident discomfort.

Throughout the festival, student clowns emerged from classes juggling, bean balls, riding unicycles and working on old gags, such as bending over to pick up a hat but looking doubtful of success at the last minute, as if by accident. Such tricks are the building blocks every clown must master before moving on to what Pierre calls "the more sophisticated stuff." The students practice over and over, their enthusiasm for outgunning their subtlety and timing. Then Yury Belov, a former star of the Moscow State Circus, steps



Yury Belov and Joe Kinnel at festival doing away with British past.

forward to demonstrate the hat-trick and he launches his back into the tired number. As he boots the hat away, he captures the ironic, just teaching, confusion of a simple act whose world has gone very, very mad.

"It's the hardest thing to teach," he remarks later.

Aspirants with talent can expect to study for seven to 10 years before becoming professional clowns and then it's a life of work, theatre, schools and workshops, performing the secret service that "no doctor can prescribe for or any psychiatrist can [do]." says Joe Men, Jr., a professional comic-actor who travelled from Washington, D.C., to Dartmouth "If you can make people forget their troubles and laugh and work hard, you've done something that's marvellous." It's an immortal appeal.

so much more to it than a psychological development of character, the working with scripts and not just gags. The kids want it. They don't want to be, and they know they're different."

Although the festival barely broke even with its small crowd, some 50 students from across Canada and the United States took lessons for three days from eight world-class instructors, including three from Canada. It's an exciting time to be a clown, Robert Pankowski of Montreal, the most influential voice in Canadian clowning, told his classes. "Some Indian traditions have it that clowning only emerges when society is breaking down. Think of the impact [Charles] Chaplin and [Buster] Keaton had in the Depression." Pankowski, who has retired, is a little nervous in the demand for professional clowning recently, because that the clown plays

so much more to it than a psychological development of character, the working with scripts and not just gags. The kids want it. They don't want to be, and they know they're different."



Cona and Aida. Barbara White: a survey poll in the riding seemed to echo the late MP's own corrosive hatred for the government

## CANADA

# The blunt art of delaying democracy

By John Hay

Is a democracy the boldest form of the ultimate and appropriate technique of assessment?

—Pierre Trudeau, July 24, 1980

There are times, of course, when the last thing a government wants is a democratic assessment of its performance; times of fearful unemployment and inflation, when the prime minister is unpopular and his future doubtful, when the governing party's standing in the Gallup poll has sunk far below the Opposition's. No prime minister with Pierre Trudeau's sense of survival would choose such a season to call a by-election—and certainly not these by-elections in politically crucial Ontario. In the north-west riding of Timiskaming, in downtown Toronto's Broadview-Greenwood and in Leeds-Greenville along the St. Lawrence River, elections this year are being without their rightful representation in the Commons. No need to ask why, and last May Trudeau avoided a reporter who did just that. "For a journalist, you are irreversibly naive to ask that question." Still, Trudeau must decide by September when to give those ridings a turn at democracy.

Perhaps because of their very existence from Parliament Hill, the people of Timiskaming seem to miss the presence of an MP the most. The last riding, reaching from James Bay south nearly to Lake Nipigon, has been without a Commons seat since Liberal back-bencher Bruce Louie was killed in a car crash one black night last January. Ian MacPherson, who runs a restaurant in Kenogami, says not having an MP makes him uneasy these days. "When times are tough, you get a feeling of insecurity when there's no member of Parliament," he says. "You get the feeling that you're lost a basic democratic right." Not that MacPherson has any illusions about the clout of a back-bencher MP. "Most of our customers say it won't make a hill of beans' difference who wins, as long as the people have a say in [Ontario]. The area's municipal association was concerned enough to send a resolution to the Prime Minister's Office in June asking for a by-election. Bill Jackson, a town councillor in Virgatus, says the town's reply was "less than satisfactory," simply telling the municipality that, legally, Trudeau has until September to set a by-election date.

**Maclean's**  
NOV 20/27 '82

Sometimes, the New Democrats and the Tories are championing at the best. Former Arnold Peters, who held the riding from 1967 until he was ousted by Louie in 1980, has been nominated for another run. And the Conservatives are actively campaigning with equipment salesman and city councillor John MacDonnell. The Grits have yet to pick a candidate.

Broadview-Greenwood last its MP when New Democrat Bob Rae quit the Commons March 2 after winning the leadership of the provincial NDP. Though he sat in the Commons only 3 1/2 years, he had made an impact on the riding. "Bob Rae was my friend," says Leon Halkides, owner of the Lucky Star newspaper kiosk. Agnes university student Rose Thane. "Bob Rae was always generous, available and in the streets talking to people. He gave people a sense of security that has been missing around here."

The riding holds a nasty mix of voters (more than a third of its 72,751 people claimed a mother tongue other than English or French is the census last year) along with a trendy influx of chic producers and other "white-panters." No fewer than seven Tories are after the party's nomination—among them Toronto Sun Editor Peter Worthington,

who has invaded the riding with canvassers who look strikingly like the tabloid's leggy, T-shirted Sunline Girls. The NDP has nominated economist Lynn McDonald, and the Liberals have fielded lawyer David O'Connor.

In contrast to the urban Broadview-Greenwood, Leeds-Greenville is a bucolic small-town constituency beside the Severn, dominated for a decade by the Bull Moose, often shrill Tom Cona. Once a Liberal, he had been an anti-Trudeau Tory with a vengeance until he died of a heart attack last March 15. A Maclean's source poll is the riding last week picked up an antipathy toward Parliament that seemed to echo Cona's own corrosive hatred for the Trudeau government and all its works. Few were bothered by their lack of an MP, Scott Jelle Houlihan of Brockville. "It doesn't really affect me, and I don't really care," Anglican minister Harold Murray said having an MP hardly matters. "I couldn't name five people who have had to get help from their MP." Jesse Allen, a retired Prescott resident, did feel that the government "by rights shouldn't wait too long." But 35-year-old beer store worker John Ackerman of Brockville—a professed Liberal who "wasn't happy with Cona"—said that "if the party doesn't see fit to call a by-election, it doesn't bother me."

Cona's successor seems likely to be his widow, Jennifer, 54. Already nominated by the local Tory party and eager for an election, she is now running a constituency office. (In his will published last week, Cona left an estate valued at \$2 million, in part the fruits of his insurance business.)

It directed trustees to set aside \$200,000 for her, \$20,000 for her son, and Cona and wife died simultaneously. And it provided support for Jennifer and the previously established Thomas C. Cona Foundation, stipulating that any annual hospital, nurses or other good work financed by the foundation must be named after herself.)

As Trudeau has pointed out in his own defence, the Canada Elections Act gives a prime minister up to six months to set a by-election date once the Commons Speaker formally



Ackerman: "If they don't call a vote, it doesn't bother me"

tells the chief electoral officer of a vacancy that gives Trudeau until Sept. 3 to call a by-election in Broadview-Greenwood and until Sept. 25 for the other two. So unorthodox were the Liberals for a ballot in Timiskaming, in fact, that they did not even officially tell Speaker Jeanne Seize of the vacancy after Louie's death. That was done some two months later by Tory MPs Paul Dick and Walter Baker—when they admitted the vacancy in Leeds-Greenville.

Even the six-month limit imposes no great burden on Trudeau, since he is

free to set any by-election date he wishes—up to the next general election, which need not be called until 1986. Dick is harshly critical of a system that gives such leeway to the party in election or filling vacant seats. Other countries must call by-elections promptly, says Dick, while "here we play politics with it."

The Liberals, however, are unlikely to be moved by any such reasoning. The latest Gallup poll has the Liberals at 35 per cent among decided voters, against 41 per cent for the Conservatives and 25 per cent for the NDP. It shows that fully 81 per cent of Canadians disapprove of Trudeau's performance as party leader, while only 35 per cent approve. Clark's approval rating is 50 per cent pro and 35 per cent con, while Ed Broadbent's is 40 per cent and 35 per cent.

Trudeau's Liberal party advisers have given him two basic options: call the by-election for the fall to get them over with or set a date in the spring. The crux of the decision will lie in the Liberal reading of public reaction to the government's existing economic program—the so-called scheme for wage and price restraint. If voters will be better disposed to the Trudeau government next spring, it would be worth the Liberals' while to wait. In two past cases, Trudeau has let more than six months elapse before calling vacancies. Last year, on the other hand, he hurriedly arranged to appoint Mr. Peter Stollery to the Senate, set a by-election date to fill the consequent vacancy in Spadina, and phoned ex-convict Jim O'Neill to resign the seat—all in 46 days. Cauties they lost in New Democrat Dan Hoag.

The fastidious may complain that such Liberal manoeuvring smacks of cynicism. But Canadian voters have proven to be unforgiving of self-destructive politicians, no matter how well-meaning. They gave short shrift to short-lived Prime Minister Joe Clark in 1980 after he lobbied his way through nine months in office and fell fast into an election campaign by accident. Few, perhaps, will object if Trudeau does not subject himself to a similarly democratic assessment just yet.

With Carol Brunton in Toronto and Ken Pyle in Ottawa.

Cona, Louie and Rae: other countries must call by-elections promptly







with the suggestion that some Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. grants should be allowed to rise by more than ten per cent. By the time the budget minister appeared before a special cabinet subcommittee on prices late last week, he had abandoned his stand and agreed to hold all parts within the six-per-cent line. Party leaders stress that cabinet is still determined to ensure that Bill C-58 does not ensure a hefty rate increase.

Despite these bone-frost worries, the Liberals were cheered when two previous initiatives adopted using restraint programs last week. British Columbia's Public Service Employees' Association (PSEA) and the province, that civil servants would be eligible for increases between zero and 10 per cent this year and zero and nine per cent next year. The higher ceiling allows the province to ward an additional two per cent beyond the suggested Ottawa level for increased productivity and another two per cent to match similar settlements. Meanwhile, New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield proposed that public service wage increases should be held to five per cent after July 1, 1986. The province opted for "voluntary" rather than mandatory controls because he does not feel that the federal controls have worked. Nonetheless, Harold Lockhart, the executive director of the New Brunswick Public Employees' Association, says that voluntary controls are going to be "a disaster" and will "suck every penny out of him, and the devil for all."

While the anti-inflation rhetoric railed across the land, cracks and hooves from all parties worked with the original six-per-cent solution. It will be held, federal public employees' wages increased down to six per cent this year and five per cent next year. Late last week Liberals introduced amendments that will allow unions to negotiate new contracts during that period—if they request the savings—although strikes will remain illegal. Jack Dringens, president of the Professional Institute of the Public Service of Canada, is lobbying for further changes that will permit binding consultation in such decisions. But even if it fails, however, because he was also aware that the Liberals would not call for a summer recess until the bill had passed. And MPs are desperate for a vacation. "Look at the way that they hustled that bill through committees [last week], it's probable that it will be passed," he said. "It was just wanted to finish and [New Democratic Party MP Rod] Murphy was requested to do it to keep quiet. Unions are unpopular—and that's good leverage in politics. And I guess this is democracy in action." —M. J. JANSKY in Ottawa, with David Fisher and Fred Green

Malcolm Ross in Vancouver

## The joy (and politics) of sex

By Susan Riley

For their Ottawans with a taste for loud bawling, the parliamentary committee studying reforms to Canada's antiquated sex laws has been meeting what is probably the best show in town for the past three months. When the committee finally lobbed its brand-new, but already discarded, sexual offences bill into the Commons last week, many of the 20 MPs involved in the entire process, serious liberals and occasionally serious debate looked as if they desperately wanted to leave once before they hit someone—most likely one of their own parliamentary colleagues. "Men," yelled one feminist lobbyist who fol-

lowed the bill, "are already provided to concentrate next session on reintroducing the damned 'kiddie porn' provisions of the bill, chopped last week in the face of insubstantial opposition."

In fact, Christie is still snarling from constant opposition charges that he skipped too many meetings, burdened the committee with 40 pages of amendments late in the game, and is generally "indifferent" to the cause of rape reform. Meanwhile, his legal assistants have developed a full-blown hatred for New Democrat Svend Robinson, the bright young justice critic whose relentless pursuit of detail drove his committee colleagues "Men," said Liberal MP to discontinue. Christie has



Svend Robinson vs. Chrétien: Showpiece jokes and dirty noise for the Liberals

lowed the debate, "they're as muddy and temperamental."

The mood in the Commons is positively better, but the bill—aimed at reforming the rape laws and tightening penalties for child abduction by warning spouses—is expected to pass before the House adjourns this week. But even if it does, it may just signal the start of a new war. Women's groups are divided on how good the new bill is. Most like the way it "demonstrates" rape and stresses its violent rather than sexual nature, but others say it does not go far enough in protecting rape victims from harassing questioning on the witness stand. But if the bill, even in its imperfect form, runs into trouble in the House or Senate, Canada could be stuck with the present sexist and inadequate rape law for another decade. After two failures over the past 10 years, few MPs would be eager to try reform again—

called Robinson gutless and "a perfectionist" and has not forgiven him for opposing the justice minister's Constitution bill last year. "I think that will hang around your neck until you die, that you voted against the Bill of Rights of Canada," the minister railed at one meeting. He and other committee members have also sneered at 30-year-old Robinson's relative inexperience as a lawyer. For his part, the sometimes prickly Robinson has resorted to biting sarcasm, referring to Christie's "extensive experience" from the courts as "showpiece" and, at its least in spirit, "showpiece," "showpiece jokes" means something of a staple at the hearings, particularly after Christie revealed that in the bar parlour in his St. Maurice valley riding they make jokes about "showpiece reforms." They are very funny [jokes], but I don't want them on the record of this committee."

They could scarcely be more hilarious than some of the exchanges between parliamentarians. In one early stage the government had planned to remove bestiality from the sexual offences area and deal with it under cruelty to animals. Ken Robinson, a right-wing Liberal from Toronto, was aghast. "Is it fair to say that bestiality is now legal, unless there is an accessory pain, suffering or injury to the animal?" he asked Christie. "I thought the outraged back-bencher attacked a government proposal to end the prohibition of group sex among consenting adults. Was pushed for the change, Robinson demanded. "A group of homosexuals?" No, replied Christie, it was a suggestion made four years ago by the Law Reform Commission. "Maybe they are a bunch of homosexuals," said Liberal Robinson. "Parole!" Christie blurted in disbelief. Robinson hastily withdrew his remark, and the government, with similar basic, decided that bestiality would stay where it is in the Criminal Code and that group sex would remain illegal.

But debate occasionally rose from the rudeness to the refined, particularly as the issue of whether or not a man could sue "beyond belief" as a defence in rape trial—the so-called "Rohde" defence was saying yes" defence. While the bill strictly bans the circumstances in which a rape victim would be required to testify about any previous sexual activity, she could be forced to take the stand if a man questioned a judge that he honestly believed the consented. Christie said the defence would rarely be allowed, and only in a situation in which a woman has sex with several men at the same night and chooses to sue only one. The accused should be able to argue that because she consented to his friends, he assumed that she wanted him, too, and the minister. But Svend Robinson said the clause undermines the simple fact that "no means no." The only relevant detail of the details of one particular act, he said, "I don't care if she slept with a whole football team—if she plays games along and she says no, it means no." In the end the government—with its comfortable majority—prevailed, but they probably have not met the last of their issue. It is hoped to be a feminist target.



Protest march in Toronto: already rape sentences have increased

Perhaps another measure of the general grumpiness on the Hill these days is the fact that one provision that virtually everyone involved in rape reform agreed upon—that husbands should no longer be immune from charges of raping their own wives—dramatic unexpected controversy within the committee. Svend Robinson tried to introduce an amendment that would specifically outlaw spousal immunity, but Christie quickly stepped in to explain that the new bill implicitly rules out spousal immunity and that there is no need to spell it out. Robinson's argument, that it should be made crystal clear to women and judges—that marital rape is no longer allowed, failed to convince Christie.

Still, despite all the raging controversies, some proposals in the new bill got unanimous approval, and many represent significant changes in the way the legal system will deal with rape and its victims. For one thing, the word "rape" will disappear from the code. To be replaced by "sexual assault" or "unlawful sexual assault," covering everything from what the committee called "ham-phong incidents" to the brutal rapes that have recently alarmed so many women in Calgary and Toronto. Maximum sentences will range from six months to life, based on the degree of

violeness of the attack rather than the degree of sexual violation. The harshness also means it clarifies that men as well as women are victims of sexual assault, and the bill underlines that if a rape victim sues without insurance it does not automatically mean she is converted to the civil. Nor will there be any need to prove "penetration" occurred for a sexual assault charge to be laid.

For some women these provisions may make the bill worth passing. But for the politicians, fear of looking like ill-tempered bunglers may be the operative principle this week. Already the extremely, but extremely marginal, women in lay terms or claim women has started Jean Chrétien—whose frankness engages some and terrifies others—was basing it on reporters last week that his "fate" could be that he's "fired" because three weeks ago, when he started out of a committee meeting changing the opposition with not really waiting reform, forced everyone to co-operate. "Actually, I had a shock that day, anyway," the minister chuckled. In fact, the Liberal who worked hardest on the bill was an unlikely, affable MP from Toronto, Jim Peterson, but even his perpetually sunny grin was as thin as rice paper at week's end. Ray Sheppard, minister of the day, said, "I don't know if it's true or not, but I think it's true that the Liberals in Ottawa would rather choke than admit it, some could not go to the end-of-the-line Svend Robinson."

Not before they start handing out accusations, groups and others who have tracked the arduous course of rape reform since it was first proposed by the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in 1970 will want to see of the new bill—if it passes—has the desired effect of ending groping, more convictions and penalties better suited to the crime. Perhaps the last news out of Ottawa last week came from government lawyer Paul Campbell, who says in the past few months average sentences for rape have risen from the 1970s to be replaced in six to eight years in British Columbia and Ontario. To his signals that "maybe the legal system is starting to recognize sexual assault as a serious crime." Now if only the wackos on Parliament Hill would do something about the violence they reflect on one another. ◇

# The grim resort to desert law

By Mark Czarniecki

By day and night the ordeal by fire continued. "There's no place in the world care" 700,000 people were killed in a battle between West Beirut, as yet another wave of Israeli Phantoms jets pulverized apartment buildings with phosphorous and high-explosive bombs. Shelled by offshore Israeli gunboats and artillery on land, the city's 600,000 civilians also had their water, food and electricity cut off by the invading forces. Meanwhile, the 6,000 Palestine Liberation Organization guerrillas scattered in their midst retaliated with missiles and artillery fire in a last-ditch stand to maintain their presence in Lebanon.

Over the weekend, the answer to Shaban's question seemed to be "no." As the seventh, eighth and ninth offensives went the way of all things, immediate resistance and the obliteration of the city continued. Claiming PLO ceasefire violations, the Israelis launched a major 14-hour onslaught Sunday and said they had captured Beirut airport. But the price was high: 180 dead and 400 wounded, according to the Beirut newspaper *an-Nahar*. "The situation is most stop," said President Bealid Hama, promising a "serious" talk with Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shaban on Monday. The UN Security Council called for immediate dispatch of neutral observers to the city. But in Jerusalem, Israeli officials said they would not be allowed in until the conflict met and on Monday shelling began again.

Earlier there had been signs that at least something was being done—at the United Nations and by Arab League ministers in Jeddah—to end Lebanon's crisis. At the UN, while U.S. Ambassador Philip Habib in Beirut, were present. For his part, Bealid Hama held it as a "positive step."

The final, fierce exchanges before the inoperative at week's end of the seventh offensive in as many weeks, continued seven straight days of artillery

Shaban, on his way to the United States, dismissed the move—"It will not change the situation," he told reporters in Tel Aviv. But an announcement that the PLO had agreed to withdraw from Beirut raised expectations of a more positive kind. In addition to the PLO's agreement in principle to leave Beirut, Security Council resolution sponsored by France and Egypt appeared to offer at least an approach to a longer-term settlement. It called for mutual recognition of both parties' right to exist and concrete steps for the establishment of a Palestinian homeland.

A top secret plan revealed in Jeddah provided for PLO guerrillas in Beirut to leave for Beirut, Syria, Iraq and Jordan over a period of about a month. In return, there should be guarantees to cover the withdrawal and for Palestinian civilian refugees remaining in Lebanon. The plan appeared to leave the future of some 1,000 guerrillas in doubt, and Israeli officials, while saying they would accept word from U.S. special negotiator Philip Habib in Beirut, were pessimistic. For his part, Bealid Hama held it as a "positive step."

The final, fierce exchanges before the inoperative at week's end of the seventh offensive in as many weeks, continued seven straight days of artillery

exchanges between the entrenched PLO and Israeli forces. The 511-foot apartment of Canadian Ambassador Theodore Aronoff, the only Western diplomat left in West Beirut, was severely damaged in the bombing, despite the plan. Canadian flag still marked the building. Said Aronoff, who luckily was absent at the time. "So much for pin-point bombing. It is unbelievable that people are treated like this." An estimated 300 dead, and 400 were injured in seven days' hostilities, making at least 3,000 dead or wounded in the eight-year war. And despite the new ceasefire, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin was signaling that his patience over PLO defiance in Lebanon was near its end. Unless Habib obtained an "unqualified commitment" that the PLO would leave within 48 hours, Begin replied, a ground invasion would "bring about the disappearance of all terrorists from Lebanon."

However, both Begin and PLO leader Yasser Arafat knew that as Israeli invasion could be potentially indefensible. The Begin administration was showing increasing alarm at Israeli tactics. After protests that Israel's use of cluster bombs—hundreds of bombs packed in a single unit which explode like shrapnel in order—related agree-

ments that U.S. arms would only be used for defensive purposes, Reagan banned further deliveries. Later in the week, both Begin and the state department discounted Begin's "deadline."

In Israel, polls showed the majority opposed an invasion. Early in the week the country was rocked by the request of Col. Eli Gonen, the 31-year-old commander of a crack armored brigade, to be relieved of his duties because he could not justify his orders. Begin's account in the Knesset of this conversation spoke volumes: when Gonen told him that through his knowledge he could see the children of Beirut, Begin asked, "Did you receive an order to kill children?" "No." Then what are you complaining about? Later in the week the opposition Labor party urged the government to call off the air strikes because they damaged "the image that Israel had rightfully earned as a humane and democratic state."

But Begin strengthened his hand by inviting the extreme right-wing Tachpas party into his coalition, thus boosting his previous Israeli majority to eight. Tachpas views the armed West Bank as part of Israel. On the day of the announcement the pro-PLO mayor of Kahliya was dismissed for withholding co-operation with the

newly imposed Israeli civilian administration—the north mayor is to be dismissed since Shaban's visit. However, the departure of the PLO would not guarantee the Lebanese peace they desperately need to heal the wounds of seven years of conflict. Forty per cent of Lebanese territory is still controlled by Syrian troops on their new, expired, expiring mission left over from the 1970 civil war.

Israel's policy of supporting Christian militia forces to maintain law and order it accepted Lebanon has fueled the traditional enmity between Muslims and Christians. Lebanon is like a bird with two strings hanging from its wings. Says Shaban, "If one of those wings is damaged, it will never fly again." Two armed Christian camps now exist, that of Maj. Saad Haddad, whose 3,500 men control southern Lebanon, and that of would-be presidential candidate Bashir Gemayel in the north and east. The more numerous Muslim population fears that when the Israelis pull out the Christians will seek to settle old scores with them—on, since both leaders are highly ambitious, even fight for supremacy among themselves.

In southern Lebanon, in any case, the Israelis appeared to be preparing for a lengthy stay. At the national airline, opened an office last week in the occupied city of Sidon, and 3,000 electric lines have been sent to workers digging in along the mountain ridge near the Syrian border.

The Arab League proposal for the PLO with Israel finally avoided mention of a Palestinian homeland. By meeting the Israeli demands for a commitment, Arafat once again brought time to postpone the homeland issue. However, he also braced himself into a corner if such negotiations fail, he will have trouble selling what seems like a defeat to his guerrillas and could lose the leadership of the PLO. If Arafat does convince them to move, the PLO will disagree to carry on the battle elsewhere. Without more pushing, however, the two sides, these holy lands now fitted to obey the desert law of an eye for an eye.

U.S. Michael Pinner in Washington, Aronoff in Beirut, and Shaban in Beirut.

## CHINA

## Wild card in the diplomatic deck

Last month's visit by Soviet athletes to Peking had all the makings of a new round of diplomacy. Viewed in the light of a conciliatory speech by Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev and a visit to Moscow by Chinese executives, it fueled speculation that China, inspired by the Soviet administration's arrival, was in Peking, ready to play the card guaranteed to cause Washington concern, rapprochement with Moscow? Maclean's correspondent David Warriner reports from Peking.

That China is far from with the United States is visible at every level. Carousels in the press, reminiscent of the vitriolic attacks on imperialist Yankees during the Cultural Revolution, have begun appearing again. Their targets are Senator Barry Goldwater and others identified with the New Taiwan lobby. At the People's Daily, China's most influential newspaper, the lion's share of international news coverage has been given to Taiwan because the issue "induced Chinese opinion." Starring up China's politics, Peking's former foreign minister who is now a respected older statesman, says "The United States must continue to push to reduce arms sales to Taiwan until their termination."

China has issued a variety of remarks to its press since Moscow notably it has broken a longstanding on public criticism of Washington's foreign policy which has prevailed, for the most part, since resumption of diplomatic relations in 1970. Peking has published biting criticisms of U.S. attitudes toward the Middle East, Central America, the Falklands war and disarmament. The pronouncements have ranged in the pre-1970 formula, picturing a Third World in opposition to both "imperialist superpowers," not in the Soviet Union alone.

For its part, Washington has applied the stakes by accusing visiting Chinese scholars of spying and denying Chinese-bound technology transfers. Logically, it has noted, China's real move must be to use its relations with Moscow to force the Americans to back down. Discussed by Qian Qisheng, a rising star in the external relations hierarchy recently appointed vice-minister of foreign affairs. Says Qian "Development of Sino-Soviet relations does not hinge on the level of Sino-U.S. relations and vice versa." Linking the two issues he the constancy of playing cards, he



Palestinians in war-torn West Beirut (left) fleeing. Another will have trouble saying what needs to be said.





Former president Nixon and Zhou En-lai in 1972: either collapse of U.S. influence

adds Peking has no intention of doing so, not wishing to be "played as a card by someone else."

Indeed, recent efforts to increase Sino-Soviet trade and people-to-people contacts with Moscow reflect determination to break away from the extremist past rather than a change of heart toward the Soviets. Chinese officials say they cherish the relationship with the United States and hope the situation will improve. Soviet global attention, by comparison, are depleted. Brezhnev's March offer to reopen talks on the disputed border and to back China's claim to Taiwan was greeted only in Peking, which said that China would judge the Soviets by their "deeds not

words." What deeds would change Peking's mind? First and foremost, a reduction of the 450,000-strong Soviet military presence on China's northern border and in Mongolia. Chinese officials would also like to see a Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan and a reduction of Soviet support for Vietnam's activities in Kampuchea.

Says defense ministry spokesman Xiao Zhongwen: "The Soviet Union has never renounced itself to not being able to subjugate China. They have spoken some good words and had words about us lately—mostly bad—but there is no sign that they will do anything concrete to ease the tensions." A military man who has spent much of the past 20 years dealing with Moscow, Zhai describes the Soviets as "silent assassins: they try to get you to think they aren't even there, then they sock your blood."

Why then seek to improve relations at all? Says Li Pengfei: "It's natural for people to exchange visits and for trade to be conducted on a state-to-state basis. It was not absolutely necessary for the two countries to have had absolutely no relations for so long." Limited bilateral commercial relations—China's trade with the Soviet Union currently runs at \$300 million, against \$5 billion with the United States—is now seen as positive. In short, if, for whatever reasons, Moscow wants to explore ways to improve relations, the Chinese feel obliged to respond with at least nominal gestures of welcome—especially since Brezhnev will not be around forever. And if those gestures are interpreted in Washington as meaning that China is unhappy with the way the Reagan administration is treating a Soviet ally, that cannot be bad either. □

## SOUTH AFRICA

### Passing sentence on a legend

The judgment was the best Pretoria could have hoped for. Ever since Col. Mad Mike Hoare and an mercenary commander on Air India jet to return to South Africa after hanging a coup attempt in the Seychelles islands last November, there have been strong suspicions that Prime Minister P. W. Botha's government was implicated. But last week, while Hoare and all but one of the 43 accused were jailed, 70-year-old Judge Neville James sentenced the government, though not the intelligence services, from complicity.

Rangers of official complicity had been rife from the moment when, after the mercenaries' ignominious return,



Mad Mike before arrest: slipped on

Justice Minister Louis de Graauw appeared to rule out action against them. "You tell me what South Africa law they broke," he challenged questioners. "They just shot out some windows and ran around in the bush." And during the 4½-month trial, launched after Western warnings that failure to punish hijackers violated international agreements, Hoare himself claimed that the operation had the approval of everyone from Botha on down.

Hoare said that he first put his plan to replace President Albert Botha as chief administrator with one led by his conservative predecessor James Michener, to National Intelligence Service (NIS) chief Alec van Wyk two years ago. But the cabinet turned it down. Later Botha changed his mind, and military intelligence arranged for weapons. A Soviet jet was seized, he delivered to his base. [Hoare showed the court an

official defence-force invoice], and advised him on recruitment and training. However, professional Singapore Court Judge James, who retired in September, found that the allegation of cabinet involvement was based on hearsay and Hoare's unsubstantiated testimony and was therefore not proven. While he accepted that the defence force and the SIS had given their support, he did not take account of the finances of the distinction between the government and its intelligence services—the chief of the SIS reports only to the prime minister.

So Mad Mike and his men took the rap. While his associates were, for the most part, let off lightly, Hoare left the court humiliated by a 10-year sentence. He has fostered descriptions of himself as a brave and fearless soldier. A look about his exploits in the Belgian Congo (now Zaire), The Wild Geese, was filmed with Richard Burton in the vic-



Hoare: no government was implicated

tor role. But the judge called him a liar, a bungler and, worst of all, one who was prepared to break his word to his men.

There can be no doubt that Hoare slipped up badly. The mercenaries' weapons were supposed to be sent to the Seychelles about 1980. But they ended up taking the plane in the middle of false-bottomed bags. An airport customs official spotted one and a shoot-out began. What followed formed the nub of the case. Hoare said that he negotiated a ceasefire so that the Air India jet, its 65 passengers and crew of 34 could take off safely. In gratitude the pilot offered to give the mercenaries a lift. The pilot, Capt. Umesh Swami, said Hoare threatened to shoot him and blow up the plane if he did not help. The court believed Swami, and Hoare.

—ALLISTER SPENCER in Pietermaritzburg



Secretary of State Shree Ghandi, clear signs of interest in easing tensions

## INDIA

### The welcome in Washington

Even for the skeptical White House press corps, it seemed an indisputable question. On the eve of Indira Gandhi's first state visit to the United States in 11 years, a hurried scribble was asking a state department briefier just why the Indian prime minister was coming to Washington. The official was nonplussed. "She's coming because it's here, I guess. It's like inviting Meant Heaven," he replied.

But while India-US relations have often been as difficult as selling the Himalayan peak, Gandhi's three-day visit to Washington last week seemed to suggest that the climbers had reached a plateau. For one thing, India has cooled its long-standing friendship with the Soviet Union somewhat. No Indian delegation was sent to Moscow last year to commemorate the 30th anniversary of the Indian-Soviet Friendship Treaty. And when Lenned Brezhnev was in New Delhi in 1980, Gandhi delivered a pointed lecture on the state of the Soviet Communist Party.

At the same time, the 64-year-old prime minister has clearly aroused interest in easing tensions with Washington, both in direct letters to President Ronald Reagan and in taking diplomatic steps to improve relations with China and Pakistan—moves that the United States heartily endorses. Moreover, a major India-US initiative—Washington's refusal to sit additional fuel for the Turpan nuclear reactor—was settled before Gandhi's arrival.

The most compelling explanation for Gandhi's visit, however, may have been

offered by former U.S. ambassador to New Delhi, Daniel P. Moynihan, now a Democratic senator from New York. He noted in *The Washington Post* last week that India has been overrun by waves of General Arun. "The Mongols have once again appeared," Moynihan wrote. "Russian armor is now in the Rhyber Pass. Of necessity, the ruler of India is in Washington."

This does not mean that all of Gandhi's grievances have been settled. New Delhi is not amused by the Reagan administration's apparently unshakable intention to sell one of the world's most sophisticated fighter planes, the F-16, to its neighbor, Pakistan. Nor is it assuaged by U.S. policy changes that make it more difficult for India to borrow money from the World Bank and other agencies.

Neither of these disputes seems likely to be settled soon. Washington insists that India has little to fear from the Pakistani air force. However, it is willing to consider supplying F-16s to India as well. As for World Bank loans, the Reagan administration contends that the Indian economy is strong enough to lure private foreign financing. However, more development funds available for poorer Third World nations. As the state department conceded last week, there is only so much two leaders can accomplish in a few days. But it did hope to set a new tone. If total adjustment in all that emerges from the Gandhi visit, both Washington and New Delhi will count themselves satisfied.

—MICHAEL S. POSNER in Washington



Qiao Qunzhi break through the past

## Lessons for a shaky leader

Exhausted by rebel forces all along the crooked edge of Somalia's frontier, the shaky government of President Mohamed Siad Barre received a \$20-million infusion early last week from the United States. The state department, in a rare burst of speed, hurried dispatch of a consignment of automatic rifles, ammunition and communications equipment earmarked two years ago to help the Mogadishu government combat what spokesman Rukh Taylor described as "insurgencies by Ethiopian and Ethiopian-supported forces."

The Marxist government in Addis Ababa reacted with equal swiftness, accusing the United States of "imperialism" and a purely internal conflict. But Ethiopia's condemnation and the presence of its military equipment in recent rebel attacks suggest that the region's worst fighting since the 1977-78 Ogaden War is anything but a domestic squabble.

Precise information on just what is going on in the remote Ogaden border region is as accessible as the area itself. Government and rebels have issued contradictory statements on reported fighting in six Somali provinces. Western diplomats discount official casualty figures as worthless. But that has not stopped the Somali government from claiming that 1,200 soldiers have died on both sides and the Ethiopian-backed Somali Democratic Salvation Front (SDF) from claiming it has seized two border towns and slain 900 government troops.

Reports of clashes may be confused, but the presence of aircraft and armored vehicles in the SDF's 3,000-man force strongly indicates Ethiopian support. Indeed, Somalia counts that SDF units, which enjoy the support of the Soviet Union, have been stiffened by Ethiopian, East German, Cuban, Libyan and South Yemen advisers. For its part, Ethiopia maintains that the SDF is composed exclusively of Somalis bent on the overthrow of Siad Barre.

But, while Ethiopia denies warring with its neighbor, there is no love lost between the two nations. Territorial disputes stretch back to the end of colonial rule in Somalia in 1960. Somalia's claim to the vast Ogaden Desert in southwest Ethiopia culminated in the 1977 invasion which resulted in Somalia's humiliating defeat. As recently as last winter the Somalia-backed Western Somali Liberation Front claimed major military successes in the Ogaden against the Ethiopian army; a 30,000-man force already tied down by secessionists in the northern province of Eritrea. Diplomats in the region believe the SDF's present attacks of Siad Barre's forces may be a proxy war by Ethiopia to "teach a lesson" to Mogadishu.

For the shaky Siad Barre regime, that lesson could not have come at a worse time. Somalia's economy, based on food production, is in a shambles. Riots last February in the northern town of Hargeisa left 108 dead and were followed by an army mutiny and still more rioting. No fewer than seven of

Siad Barre's top military officers and politicians are in jail, facing possible death sentences for treason.

However, the Ethiopian-backed rebels have little hope of breaking the powerful Somali army. Their strategy seems to be to weaken it sufficiently to give further regional rebellions a chance of deposing Siad Barre's pro-U.S. presidency. It is this possibility that precipitated last week's emergency U.S. aid package. The Americans are worried that they could lose access to major air and naval bases at Berbera—major facilities built by the Soviets before the East-West deserted Somalia, to support the newly installed Marxist in Addis Ababa in 1978. More threatening still, in Washington's eyes, is the fact that Siad Barre's fall might eventually lead to renewed Soviet hegemony over the Horn of Africa.

—ROLAND TVERRELL  
in Nairobi

## JAPAN

### A ceasefire in words of war

I started as a domestic row between Japan's education ministry and the teachers' union. But last week an international storm blew up over an official proposal to debate references in school texts to Japanese forces "invading" or committing acts of "aggression" during the Second World War. Instead, the ministry demanded, Japanese forces must be said to have "advanced." In addition, references to the 1937 Rape of Nanking, when atrocities by Japanese troops shocked the world, were ordered toned down.

Today's national war of words became an international cause célèbre after the topic was expressed in China and South Korea—two countries that suffered particularly from Japanese militarism. Japan hurried to acknowledge the protests, but there was an indication of a compromise. The government refused to explain why it wants to rewrite history. But one reason could be that Tokyo is cranking up a public awareness campaign on national security. By emphasizing the nation's vulnerability and by playing down its past militarism, the government hopes to draw such attention to higher military spending, denounced by the Reagan administration.

The task will not be easy, as the present war shows. Apart from occasional feeling, Japanese students themselves may resent the changes. As Jiro Suzuki, professor at Tokyo University, near Tokyo, pointed out, "You cannot stop the young from wanting to know."

—PETER MULLER in Tokyo



Reign of last week's new conference: like W.C. Fields enforcing prohibition

## UNITED STATES

### A timely balancing act

By Michael Posner

WERE 1982 not an election year, it would be safe to say that the notion of a constitutional amendment to balance the federal budget would never have appeared on the political calendar. But, with congressional elections looming and the budget deficit soaring to once unthinkable heights, U.S. politicians have been discussing the amendment as a bipartisan agenda measure. It would also limit tax receipt increases to the rate of national income growth, unless Congress would explicitly raise new taxes. Only a declaration of war or a three-fifths vote of both houses would permit Congress to create budget deficits.

In the view of Senator Orrin Hatch (R-Utah), the measure would thus eliminate the spending bias that has caused deficit budgets for 22 of the past 23 years. With the amendment, Congress would be forced to stand up and vote for increased taxes or deficit budgets.

But opponents claim the amendment's effects would either be negligible—when Congress would simply vote to set it aside, or disastrous—resulting in massive cuts in social programs or defense spending. Significant, however, most of the opposition comes from senators not seeking re-election this fall.

As if proved by Congress and subsequently ratified by not less than 38 states, the 27th amendment to the Constitution would take effect in the second fiscal year after ratification. It would then ouster Washington to balance the budget by ensuring that outlays do not exceed revenues. It would also limit tax receipt increases to the rate of national income growth, unless Congress would explicitly raise new taxes. Only a declaration of war or a three-fifths vote of both houses would permit Congress to create budget deficits.

The fierce struggle last week—his 18th state taking office—Reagan insisted that more budget cuts are coming. "We're still determined that we're going to balance this budget. We can't do it this year or next or maybe the one after that, but we're working toward that goal." In the meantime, there is a certain air of anxiety on the political stage. The president, who submitted the largest deficit budget in history, is campaigning for a constitutional amendment to balance the books. "Like W.C. Fields enforcing prohibition," gibe Senator Alan Cranston (D-Cal.). And one year after legislating the largest tax cut in U.S. history, Congress is about to pass—in the middle of a recession—the largest peacetime tax increases ever: \$89 billion over the next three years.

That policy conflict breeds strife. If not complete, ideas like the nation's future proposal, a balanced budget amendment is politically popular and therefore difficult to resist. Where politicians are concerned, the risk of politicians seems to be to sign now and worry about consequences later.

Hot weather, cold shoulder

A part from Broadway, Bloomingdale's and brunch from the Ritz, Susan T. Horn, one of the trade's premier Soviet diplomats living in New York City, has been in Killebrew, a hot 37-acre summer retreat in Glen Cove, Long Island. Last week, however, the Glen Cove city council vacationing comrades is decidedly mild shoulder when it voted to outsize to ban them from the city's beaches, golf courses and tennis courts. As Soviet diplomats put away their beach bags, the U.S. state department threatened legal action to trying to avert what could be a long, hot summer for diplomats in the sun.

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Somali government troops fighting on the border: anything but a domestic squabble





Lorenza (above): Six years old. One dress, no shoes. Sleeps with family on grass mat on the floor. Fourth year. No money for doctors. Little chance of change.

## A cry from the heart



Lorenza lives in the Philippines countryside. All around her is great natural beauty, surrounded by disease-ridden village huts. Making poverty's mark even more harsh. But somehow, when your stomach is aching with a constant hunger, surroundings no longer seem so

matter. Behind every thought, every lesson, every gain, the nagging pain is a constant companion. Even the warmth of family love is powerless to soothe. There can be chills, smiles can be forced, but still there is hunger, dry, aching day

But there's a face at work in Lorenza's village—a wave of hope that started across the sea. Right here in Canada, people are reaching out to help—through Foster Parents Plan. If Lorenza was a Foster Child, she and every member of her family would receive the benefits of improved diet, housing, clothing, medical care and education—all made possible through the small but timely contribution of a Foster Parent. The more parents, the more help. Clean water would become a reality. A medical clinic could be built. So much can be done—no matter a Foster Parent could share in through regular letters from his Foster Child, regular reports from his PLAN/Philippines staff by wire. Little Lorenza's dream will have come true. She will have a Foster Parent. But many children still wait. Please help. Complete the coupon below or call our toll-free number.

most of whom work with the Soviet delegation to the United Nations—were saying from a tax-free residence provided by Uncle Sam. Said Glen Cove Mayor Alan Parente, who led the counter-offensive: "This was our way of protesting." Added senior citizen Mary Tracy, one of the 180 residents who turned up for a public meeting to debate the embargo: "If I didn't pay my taxes, I wouldn't be allowed in any recreation facility either."

This series of storm of protest quickly darkened Soviet Washington, and State warned Glen Cove to keep its nose out of foreign affairs. Last week it asked the justice department to look into possible legal action on the grounds that the city was infringing upon the civil rights of the diplomatically immune Soviets. Mayor Parente, however, stood his ground: "Unless the government wants



Russians' recent stay off home results

to pay up all the bank taxes, the Russians will have to stay off the town's courts," he said.

One of State's chief concerns was that the Soviets might retaliate against U.S. diplomats in Moscow, although, as spokesman Bob Kattell quipped, "Americans in Moscow might enjoy long swimming privileges in the Volga." Meanwhile, above the clamor of civil conflict could be heard the plaintive cry of Soviet diplomats pleading that all work or no play could make even the Russian bear lose his mind. Said Vladimir Mukharov, a spokesman for the Soviet Embassy in Washington: "It's natural for someone working in a place like New York City to want to go to the beach for the weekend. We are human beings too." So far, however, that point still escapes the officials of Glen Cove.

JANE OTTAWA in New York City

## BUSINESS

# A confidence crisis over the banks

By James Fleming

Few signs of strain show on the face of Alan Hocken, executive vice-president of investments for the Toronto Dominion Bank. Seated in a boardroom on the bank's headquarters, he is at his amiable best, artfully brushing aside rumors of impending doom for the banking system and the shames of its critics. His collected manner is all the more impressive given the scale of the assault on the banks in recent months. Speculation—albeit unconfirmed—of a collapse has grown as the financial health of major corporate borrowers has deteriorated, leading to lowered credit ratings for some banks. Not only that, but a bad case of investor jitter has led to a dramatic drop in the value of the institutions' stocks, and depositors have become increasingly anxious about the safety of their money. From May to July, when Alberta bankers adopted a bolder approach, enforcing the worst crisis in public confidence in 50 years.

Last week the executives of Canada's 12 chartered domestic banks were given some support in their travail. After three months of hearings, the parliamentary inquiry into bank profits released its report. Among its conclusions: bank profits—which soared to a total of \$1.7 billion in 1982 only to plunge by 21 per cent in the first half of this year—were not too high. So certain are bankers that the inquiry, chaired by Liberal MP John Breen, were cause for relief and a sense of vindication for bankers. As Hocken said in measured understatement, "They are as helpful in the present environment." But the report by no means marks an end to the controversy. Two New Democrat members of the committee, for instance, walked out of the inquiry two weeks before, declaring it a "whitewash." One of the two, Nelson Rice, the party's finance critic, told *Northern*: "The report's focus on the institutional side of bank profits was too restrictive."

Profits are not the issue, but



Hocken of the TD: calm as the assault continues

how they are earned is. To publicize the sweeping changes they felt necessary in the banking system, Breen and David Orlikoff, the NDP's small-business spokesman, among their own report. It proposes, among other things, that entry fees be introduced and that a national credit control be created to determine interest rates. As well, they recommend that the Bank of Canada be made a branch of the finance department, with bank Governor Gerald Bessy becoming a deputy minister, and that credit allocations be controlled by a public service body to ensure that certain regions and sectors of the economy are not overlooked when loans are handed out.

For his part, Chairman Evans downplayed the departure of the NDP members. "They were nagged by reality," he said when the testimony at the hearings did not support their strong rhetoric against the banks. But their dissenting views underlined the fact that even the banking system still plagued the banking system.

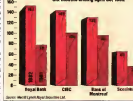
One outspoken critic is Walter Stewart, author of a book on banking, *Towers of Gold, Feet of Clay*, to be released next month. Stewart argues that the system has become "an oligopoly of monstrous corporations with 90 per cent of all the assets in banking in Canada held by five banks." Adds Stewart: "Stability is not the name for it. It's stagnation." If the banks go under, he says, it will be because "there has been such a cataclysm in the economy that the banks are the last thing you need to worry about." One major recommendation Stewart makes is to allow foreign banks to come into the country on an equal footing with domestic banks. He also proposes that the Bank of Canada be made part of the finance department.

Other critics charge that the banks have been guilty of short-sighted management which led them to concentrate themselves with huge loans to corporations, particularly in the energy sector. The most pilloried case concerns Dome Petroleum of Calgary, which has gone flat in hand to the federal government for help out of its financial mess. Breen is one of Canada's most respected Bank of Commerce \$1 billion, the Bank of Montreal \$1 billion and the Toronto Dominion Bank \$900 million. As well, it is in debt to the Royal Bank to the tune of \$600 million and the Bank of Nova Scotia \$200 million. Not only that, but all of the five major banks have made loans to either corporations whose ability to make payments is in doubt. As a result, the banks have been forced to dramatically increase their loan-loss provisions to account for bad debt (see chart).

Steven Kremler, a bank analyst with Merrill Lynch, Royal Recon-

## LOAN LOSS PROVISIONS

Six months ending April 30, 1982



Source: World Light Report Securities Ltd.

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ties last, does not buy the argument that the bankers showed bad judgment in making the loans. "Nevertheless," he says, "bankers may have somewhat overextended lending in the merry days to finance acquisitions." But it should be remembered, he adds, that they did so under the blessing of the federal government's National Energy Program and at a time when it was virtually a sin to be the proprietor of energy companies. As well, he points out, the long-term capital markets were not providing funds. Royal Bank Vice-Chairman Robert Utting is in agreement. "Companies turned to the banks because there wasn't much debt in the capital markets."

The debt burden is even more worrisome at a time when corporate profits are plunging and the outlook for the near future remains poor. This not only bode well for companies already facing a liquidity crisis and as the airline on-



Harrison, a former banker and shareholder

corporations continues, as too does that in their creditors. But as bankers point out, their institutions have successfully adjusted their loan-loss provisions to

account for any unforeseen problems, and the default of a major lender would affect minimal damage.

There is no doubt that the banking system is stable, even if it is sharing in the economy's woes. There has been no rush of bank failures in Canada as there has been in the United States (see box). Nor has there been a scandal comparable to that involving Italy's Banco Ambrosiano (*Financial*, July 16). But the problem facing banks is to convince the public of their virtues. To do so in that endeavor, Royal Bank Chairman Harold Fraser recently took the unusual step of a letter to managers, encouraging them of the bank's strength. Last week Canadian Chairman Russell Harrison wrote a similar letter to shareholders. Explains the TD's Hocken: "Visibility and confidence is a bank's very precious. You do a lot to protect them."

With David Thomson in Montreal

## Cracks grow in a pinstriped facade

American bankers may dress in the conservative three-piece suits traditionally associated with demands of the temples of commerce, but the recent rash of failures, (read) run-ins and stunning U.S. bank losses reveal that at least some of them are secret swimmers. The abrupt collapse of Oklahoma City's First Security Bank last month and the recent failure of Drysdale Securities (see story here) — a tiny federal securities trading firm in New York City — have left creditors of the two companies holding on or dubious loans ranging upward of \$400 million (U.S.). Among the victims were two of the United States' top 15 bank holding companies, Chase Manhattan and Continental Illinois. In the first half of this year, 33 U.S. banks failed, and profits of all but the most successful survivors are down sharply.

Anxiety about bad debts and bankruptcies originally focused on international and corporate basket cases, raising the realization of the rash of problems within U.S. banking. Little something of a shock "While people have been worrying about Penn Square's debt or International Harvester, we have been hit from behind by unexpected and staggering bank losses," says Lawrence E. Fidler, vice president and banking stock analyst at Drexel Burnham Lambert in

New York. One result is a plunge in the share value of many major U.S. banks. In fact, many fund managers will no longer buy bank certificates of deposit.

The dense web of relations that links even the smallest savings banks with giant institutions makes it difficult to contain crises within single institutions or regions. After taking the lead in overconfidence by banks, local bankers across the United States have found themselves struggling with bad loans to Poland, Turkey, Greece and other "nonperforming" overseas clients.

Part of the reason that sophisticated major banks were pulled into dangerous loans and business ventures by firms such as Drysdale—which had a mere \$5 million in capital to begin with—was clearly the intense pressure and risk in-

centrated many banks' management placed on loan officers to extend more loans. But conflicts of interest and possibly criminal payments may also have played a part. Some high-level Continental Illinois officers wound up with better-paying jobs at Penn Square after buying huge sums of that bank's risky loans for their previous employers. Rumors of kickbacks, rebates and other illegal payments abound in the Penn Square case, possibly making the ferocity of federal bank regulators a major issue. Although Penn Square was found in violation of numerous banking laws as early as the spring of 1985, it was allowed to operate for nearly two years before the feds shut it down. (Depositors were insured for up to \$100,000.)

Federal officials and banking industry spokesmen have dismissed the Drysdale and Penn Square cases as "laboratory" and insist that U.S. banking is secure. That may be so, but the system's capacity to survive crises could soon face even graver tests. The same fall in oil and gas prices that undermined Penn Square's energy loans is also damaging the economies of Mexico and Venezuela, where major U.S. banks have more than \$30 billion (U.S.) at risk. Major corporate bankruptcies also seem inevitable unless U.S. interest rates fall dramatically or the U.S. economy surges back up. But while these growing strains may open new cracks in the pinstriped facade of U.S. banking, the structure is expected to remain sound.

—LEONARD MICHAEL in New York City

Worked depositor at Penn Square: Ashland bank says



## Finding a route through the storm

When representatives of 60 of the world's airlines gathered behind closed doors at an airport hotel outside Geneva last week, it was to exchange pleas for survival. Rather, the twelve emergency meeting of the International Air Transport Association (IATA) was called to find ways to stem members' growing losses and generate enough cash for badly needed, more efficient aircraft.

But when the meeting convened, British Airways Managing Director Ray Watts, emerged two days later, he had only a partial answer in hand: passenger fare hikes of two to seven per cent on most international air routes. Although saving costs and a reorganized drop in air traffic account for much of the carriers' woes (their losses so far this year have been put at \$1.7 billion [U.S.] and could reach \$3.5 billion by December), IATA still has a number of other problems to settle.

Despite the carrier's efforts over the years to keep the industry on a stable, noncompetitive course, things have gone wrong. Most worrisome is the growth of so-called illegal discounting. Some carriers who are stuck with large numbers of surplus seats have been selling them at substantially reduced prices to cut-rate travel agencies. Robert Jodanis, a New York-based consultant to airlines, argues that halting the discounting is the key to recovery for international carriers. Says Jodanis: "It's worth much more than seven per cent." But not all of the problems are of the carriers' own making. Some carriers' cost-cutting measures are being undermined by the world's air traffic control system. Air corridors for commercial flights do not take into account airlines' mounting costs. Instead, they are set largely on the basis of political and military considerations. IATA estimates that straightening out the "bottlenecks" in Western European air routes alone could save \$27 million a year in fuel.

As might be expected from a cartel that resembles privately owned enterprises struggling for survival with state-owned companies, sometimes operated only for nationalistic reasons, last week's session produced a hodgepodge of results. Pressure from Air Canada, for example, prompted all routes to Japan from any price increase. But the members agreed to increase fare prices on the line-to-line North Atlantic run by the fall seven per cent. That could mean trouble for Air Canada since the line-to-line surcharge the federal government's proposed six-per-cent limit

on price increases by its agencies. Although it went to Geneva looking for a five-per-cent increase, it intends to stick to the meeting's agreement and will apply to the Canadian Transport Commission for a seven-per-cent boost. Bob Stewart, a spokesman for the Crown-owned carrier, says that the application will be accompanied with "a rationale" as to why the airfare should be exempt from the government's limit. For its part, CP Air had not answered by week's end the extent of the fare hikes it will be seeking for its routes.

While the airline industry still has a

long way to go before it sees good times again, it appears that the industry is much more alert to the problems than ever before. Says Kent Hansmann, IATA's director general: "We are currently in a kind of a boxing situation, where you have two fists, one with which you increase your yields and revenues and the other with which you try to knock down your costs." Judging from last week's decision, the only consistent loser in the ring is the consumer.

—IAN ALLEN in Toronto, with Michael Dwyer in London

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# The mind joggers: a race to keep up

By Ann Walmsley

Every summer Colleen Wright, 33, her husband, Wayne, and son, Kirt, 11, pack up the tent trailer with fishing equipment, trail bikes and a kayak for two weeks in the bush. But this year Colleen closed a space in the ongoing quest for a bit of books—everything else needed for her Canadian History 225 home-study class at Edmonton's Athabasca University. Beside Trent Lake, north of Edmonton, Wright found the perfect environment to delve into the canoebooks that years. "It's a world away from a world," notes the Edmonton legal assistant, "something just for me."

While most nonstudent students would loathe the very idea of a summer course, adult students such as Colleen Wright defy themselves other indulgences for the heady pleasures of learning. Across the country thousands of Canadian adults are now hitting the books. Twenty years ago an adult would have been painfully recognized as a champion of undergraduate. But the arrival that education ends abruptly after high school or university has been challenged by a new generation of lifelong learners no fewer than two million Canadians over 25 are now refusing to bury learning along with their youth books.

Yet not all are coasting back to the traditional vague of the ivory tower. Adults are taking classes wherever and whenever they can. At the University of British Columbia teachers mingle with urban grifts for evening classes in shopping—all hoping to become part-time farmers. Union members spend weekends at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia, studying the art of negotiating. At the tiny Université Sainte Anne in Church Point, N.S., a beauty-building program is promoting adults who hope to revive a local ship-building yard. At Runkle Island, N.W.T., RCMP officers wide away hours with de-pressure correspondence courses. And across the country at Niagara Institute executive courses, the captains of industry, government and labor congregate under the name of the Republic and



Clutching: gold-mining to computer programming

ments. For Isabel is Chung Ping, 41, of Toronto, who has taken at least 20 semester courses in the past four years. Judy Simpson, a photographer and copyright law, provides more fun per dollar than movies or eating out. Others use the classroom as a glorified meeting service.

Events have also conspired to make the return to school imperative for many adults. Knowledge itself moves so rapidly that they must struggle simply to keep up. Career advancement, by far the most common goal cited by the returnees, often depends on an ability to keep pace with technological change and increasingly specialized information. It is a sign of the times that computer and management courses attract the highest enrollees, with the result that students often must be turned away. The women's movement has also swollen the ranks of those acquiring credits to enter a competitive job market. Indeed, women form the most visible adult contingent on campus and have generated a demand for courses geared specifically to their needs. No less significant is the widening move of retirement and leisure time widows, aging adults are among recent enrollees as a hedge against boredom. Senior scholars' demographic models will grow by the year 2000, the number of Canadians between the ages of 65 and 69 will increase by more than 50 per cent, fanning far more older students into both credit and noncredit studies. Observes John Nicoll, extension director of the University of New Brunswick (UNB): "Adult education is not a luxury any more. It is becoming a necessity."

Although the first significant runnings of today's mental-fitness movement began 20 years ago, adult education has been around in Canada ever since early settlers first tried teaching each other's languages. Alan Thomas, a professor of adult education at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, is only half joking when he speculates: "The reason Father Reibels was needed by the Harems was because he tried to teach them French irregular verbs." With the introduction of compulsory education in the early 1900s, it

was believed that the need for adult education had been eliminated. As a result, until 1960 continuing education was regarded only as a safety net for the tiny number who slipped out on a "red" education. But the beginning of the most recent boom came at the close of the Second World War when the department of veterans' affairs purged what was to be \$15 million into education for returning war vets. "There's a whole generation out there with OVA printed on their foreheads."

Even though the traditional institutions of higher learning have had plenty of time to retool the early warning signals, many, due to budget restrictions, have not been able to accommodate an exploding demand. Many U.S. colleges such as the widespread City University have taken the opportunity to move into Canadian cities and offer advanced U.S. degree courses at night. At the same time, private universities, industry and vocational schools have leapt into the breach, successfully carving out a significant portion of the profitable market (see box). Universities, with far greater administrative costs, cannot always compete with the private sector's low-cost, general interest courses. The result is a motley range of standards across the board. In a seller's market, many are questioning who among the competitors should shepherd adult education into the '90s.

This summer the bubble has peaked. The chaotic and spontaneous growth of

continuing education has stiffened government resolve, particularly in Ontario and Quebec, to provide guidelines for the future. At the same time crippling budget cutbacks in education have widened any positive action through government funding. Universities often look to their extension departments as the first place to trim. At the University of British Columbia (UBC), where part-time students outnumber those studying full time three to one, the centre for continuing education recently weathered a five-per-cent cutback.

Universities, which have the most to lose, are trying to shore up their gains. Faced with the double whammy of restricted funding and declining enrolments as baby boomers graduate, schools view the summer session as a prime time to woo the adult dollar. For some institutions such as Trent University and Brock University, in Ontario, models with massive deficits, mature students have helped to keep solvent. "The revenues from summer part-time students alone make a substantial \$664,000 contribution to the overhead of the university," says Lionel Reibels, vice-president of Trent's faculty of arts and science. The University of Toronto (U of T), meanwhile, pulls in a cool \$3 million during the summer session.

In order to plumb the summer market fully, universities have also extended their appeal to die-hard executives—families. Now in its second year, UBC's

July holiday learning package prefers challenging academic fare. For \$90, a parent can spend a week studying Shakespeare and Elizabethan society, William Morris and the cottage craft, or the plays of Ibsen and Shaw. The kids have a choice of adventure stories, camps, sports camps and such courses as Literature for Women Readers. "We have a commitment to the community," explains Philip Meier, director of the summer program for 1991, "but we also need the business."

UBC, coaxed the leaders in adult education in the country, has also pioneered high-ticket summer learning trips. Its highly enticing programs range from a 14,000-kilometre South Pacific, tracing the landfalls made by Capt. James Cook and his impact on the island cultures, to a \$225 trip try along the Thompson River Valley in British Columbia in search of native flora.

The advent of a different kind of floating classroom has drawn many adults out of the closet. Deborah Ellison, a 39-year-old London, Ont., mother, says she never would have gone to university if it had not come to her. Last year the University of Western Ontario set up satellite degree courses in the suburban Berkshire Club, named directly at homebound woman Ellison's initial fears about testing her knowledge against others were not unlike those of the other young mothers in the study group. Yet, she says, "I wanted to prove that I'm a worthwhile person. My

Education converts. Her (left), a photography course changed his life; Gillespie, blessing his nest for learning



friends had degrees and so did my husband. I didn't feel ignored, but kind of left out."

While now almost competing with older scholars, necessarily students are finding their own respect in the same classes as their parents or even grandparents. Few students found it remarkable that two Betschmans, Irving, 57, and Michael, 32, rose directly one after the other in the solemn Ontario call to the bar last spring. During his admission courses, the father-and-son team would get together over a beer to discuss the course material. "I deferred to his knowledge," admits son Michael. "He knew it better than I did." Yet, though Michael is not practicing, his father has built a corporate law business.

Sack dedication is not lost on instructors, who claim they would opt for a class of bright-eyed adults over undergraduates any day. "There're three because they want to be," says son professor. Adults are frequently able to turn experience in the classroom. Walter Gresham, who teaches Canadian public administration to both day and evening

students at U of T, is the first to admit that his students also often teach him something. "What's more, claims Gresham, compared to his younger day students, the adults demonstrate superior work habits and are less prone to procrastinate."

In returning to school, adults have challenged the formidable triple square of work, family and study. Ed Rose, 43, has just entered third-year law school in Toronto, years after he left university to have a family. Now he works 30 to 31 hours a week as a new-media agent, drives a delivery truck on Saturdays and makes time for his family. Says a nonchalant Rose: "I don't find it grueling. Often I read while my wife drives to work. I do a lot of bedtime reading, too."

Underlying the rush to provide and obtain knowledge is the conviction that understanding enhances the quality of life. A good course, it is reasoned, should act like a good dinner party—plit a person and his views against new in-

formation. James Hain, president of U of T's credit photography course with literally having changed the way he sees the world. Hain still raves about his intensive weekend series two years ago at UTM, taught by Canadian photographic master Freeman Patterson. Excited Hain: "I was in a hunch about the prospect for another opportunity to study with him."

An informed citizenry will also glean its newfound expertise back into work and, hence, into the country. For Everett Samerfeld, an actor-offer stationed and retired in Ruskville, a correspondence course from the University of Waterloo (U of W) in political science was responsible for shaking his convictions about a key issue—capital punishment. Using all the resources at hand—including material from the Yellowknife library—Samerfeld wrote a paper on the subject for his Conflict of Political Ideas class. "I worked for three weeks, then one week solid. I had such strong feelings [before]

but I found that my beliefs weren't exactly true."

Samerfeld elevates the act with which adults rediscover learning to a calling. John McIntosh, a professor of adult education at U of T, might speak of such episodes as a form of "educational conversion." As part of a quasi-religious rite, he says, the concept of lifelong learning, which has written its place on the role of education in "successful" aging—a highly praised work of social analysis, *The Upright Adult*, to be released in revised form this winter. In it he affirms the human capacity to learn at any age. Monthly meetings of the 200-member Upright Society, of which he is founder and president, open with a creed and close with a midnight benediction. Communion, pray, "May the seat for learning and the removing power of seating..." he with us and welcome, says throughout the Upright life journey."

Seniors have derived a new confidence from recent research that confirms their continued ability to learn languages and other skills previously considered the province of youth. The late J. Boly Kidd, the doyenne of Canadian adult education and a force for continuing education throughout the



The Betschmans: father and son goth

world, maintained that as a person ages the ability to learn remains constant. "The speed of absorption may decrease, but the capacity to measure distinctions accurately actually increases. But cognitive capacity means little,

say adult educators, after learning is an activity, set an acquired possession. A new in print is the Boston-based Elderly Learning Resources, a nonprofit organization that combines education for elderly citizens with housing. This year Elderly Learning will build 50,000 seniors in campus residences across North America for a week of noncredit courses, room and board at a cost of only \$100 per person. At Fort MacMillan's Kiyoko College, in the heart of the Alberta oil sands, this year's course feature heavy equipment operation, gold panning and tar-sand technology.

While marshalling campus resources to attract the new breed of learners, universities and other campuses are also reaching out to the Canadian hinterland. Long-standing purveyors of correspondence-course programs such as U of W have reported 30 to 35-percent growth in demand every year since 1977 (with a slight decline last year).

Traditional correspondence courses, for layabouts' loopy and those in isolated communities, now represent only one aspect of a technology-enhanced "distance education." Radio, cable television, telephone and mail courses now afford remote or disabled students an opportunity to participate in classrooms the stations at a distance. St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia, Marston University in St. John's and the University of Regina are just a few that employ teleconferencing. Using speakers and microphones that transmit on telephone lines, a professor at UTM can conduct classes with students in Dalhousie, N.S., Campbellton and Thunder Bay, M.D.—simultaneously and in real time.

The stampede toward distance education has been so great that some university has been founded solely for the purpose of serving degree courses to the open university market. Athabasca University, established in 1970, has practically no classrooms at all. Many of its 5,000 home-students, 62 per cent in-house, adults, they might never have considered a higher education or a university degree without Athabasca. "The open university is the only one that's shaking or preexisting student. Course extensions are readily granted with only a \$10-a-month penalty."

A far less rosy picture of the adult education scene is painted by Ian Macneil, executive director of the Canadian Council on Adult Education. He claims that the race to create educational opportunities has been directed largely at middle-class consumers who already have "high incomes and higher education." "Certain people are benefiting a lot more than others," frets Macneil. "The further down the income ladder a woman isn't getting a fair share compared to men in senior courses and that

## The new teachers: business' best

The most natural place for many employees to go for job-related courses is to their own employer. Such companies as Wang Industries in the United States have made it particularly easy for the employee by establishing separate institutes that can actually grant degrees. The Wang Institute offers full master's degrees in software engineering. In Canada Alan Thomas of one estimates that Canadian corporations invest more than \$1 billion annually educating in-house. For the aspiring employee such opportunities can pave the way up the corporate ladder since a company must recognize its own courses and reward those who take them.

Even though the costs of in-house training far outweigh the cost of retraining employees to study elsewhere, on-the-job education is considered a serious investment by most companies. Courses can be tailored to meet specific employment needs, while the fact that such programs are generally free shows up as a measure of loyalty from the employer. It is not unusual for a high-tech company's industry as a whole to spend four per cent of its payroll on training or upgrading.

Industry claims that it is not differ-



Bank of Montreal executive addressing an in-house course for commercial bankers

ently stealing business from the universities. "The university cannot teach core banking skills," says Gerd Robertson, vice-president of training at the Bank of Montreal Institute in Toronto, who claims that banks spend more than most industries on training. "We have to keep up with technology. We've gone from main-frame computers to personal computers." The bank, which employs 27,000 people annually, engages 4,000 of them in substantial training programs during work hours. Courses range from a week-long seminar on personal reading for loan officers to the year-long branch administration program designed primarily for new graduates.

Once highly suspicious of each other's ideological differences, universities and business are requiring the breach. Budget cuts in education have given universities a new respect for business courses and conservatism. Employees meanwhile are often given a friendly nudge in the direction of audience-oriented courses. "We don't push any program," explains Robertson. "But I would tell you as an employee that I think it's important for you to keep your intellectual skills sharp, particularly if you're a non-degree holder in today's market." Accordingly, approximately 3,500 Bank of Montreal employees are pursuing educational programs, virtually all of them degree-bearing, and

most in commerce or accounting.

Where private enterprise and educational institutions do clash is in the burgeoning field of management education services. "It's very, very competitive," concedes James Skinner, program manager for management and professional education at Toronto's Humber College. With revenues of \$1.36 million this year and a projected \$2 million next year at Humber, it is not hard to understand why. While university students pay a substantial rate of a mere \$200 for an eight-month university commerce course, an executive may skip down considerably more for a break, one-day seminar. For years such courses were offered mainly by U.S. organizations which parachuted in prepackaged speakers and materials. But over the five-year span of 18 years Toronto has outstripped 10 per cent of the North American seminar market. According to Ross Edmonds, general manager of the business education division of Don & Budstreet, "There are 300 companies in the seminar business. That's 10 times too many for the size of the market."

Edmonds, founded in 1971, is one of the first Canadian firms in the business. Despite its restricted locations—Toronto and Calgary only—Edmonds has over 7,500 business people a year through its courses. Such courses as "Management: Ager's Edge" and "Sales: Ager's Edge" cost \$275 a head. "Business is more complex now," says

President Don McQuay. "As a manager you have to be a bit of an expert in a lot of things." WICA's major corporate clients include the Alberta government, Petro-Canada and IBM, which may send hundreds of managers a year. Liberman, the Ontario government frequently uses effective writing and thinking workshops from McQuay & Davis Communications in Toronto at \$425 for a two-day course.

But now it is no longer the exception but rather the rule that universities will offer competitive seminars in subjects ranging from stress management to executive management planning. Philip Boly, director of special projects at the centre for continuing education at the University of British Columbia, says, "We don't worry too much because the prices the universities charge are so modest." Yet the competition also appears right on his doorstep. "They invade the campus. Anyone can rent a room."

Colleges and universities may well spar with private companies for years to come over who will get the adult business dollar. But universities have already come to side with their counterparts on the key issue of teaching, preferring to use business consultants than faculty professors or touring seminars. Indeed, in the business world, the further ahead a company is, the slightly ahead—there who can teach. —A.W.

the handicapped have been neglected." On the job-training front, the problem is particularly acute. Coordinators for the Canadian Council for Learning Opportunities for Women in Toronto complain that apprenticeship in the skilled trades will not open up sufficiently to women. Adults in Quebec enrolled in courses subsidised by Ottawa's department of employment and immigration, for example, say that they often have to wait up to 24 years to actually be admitted. Affirmative action groups have complained that Canada Manpower consultants across the country actively discourage women from registering in trades courses. And, despite the pervasiveness of the media, literacy is still holding back a major segment of the population. According to Ontario educators, one million

and thousands more approximate her goals. Adults in those provinces already have access to local counselling and funding. But the Quebec government dillys its own blow to its commission early this year by introducing \$32.5 million in budget cuts to adult education shortly before the paper's release. The cuts have resulted in a provincewide drop in enrolment by about 50,000 adult students. Explains Paul Belanger, director of "Ministère du Québec de l'Éducation des Adultes et Maîtrise," "The government is concentrating its resources on retraining and skill-upgrading courses, while sectoral courses are feeling the pinch." The issue is true in Ontario. There, new draft policy emerging from the Third System discussion paper lifts subsidy ceilings on programs in adult basic education, driver education, En-

glish as a second language and other competencies. Yet, despite their prodigious resources, disgruntled adult students are demanding to be considered the equals of their full-time counterparts. Complaints are rife about the use of second-rate professors in evening classes, the unsuitability of libraries and textbook stores with daytime hours only, and the problems of getting credit from one university for courses taken at another. At Toronto's Yorkville, students enrolled in a business administration program have discovered that the degree cannot be completed exclusively at night. Nowhere have cutbacks in continuing education caused greater disfavor than at Carleton University in Ottawa. All off-campus credit courses have been dropped for next fall. Two hundred and fifty students in Perth, Deep River, South Falls, Brockville, Belts Corner and Carleton Place in Ontario have found their programs abruptly cut off as the university trims its teaching staff and digs in against a staggering \$2.5 million deficit. Instead, it may be on the wildfire campuses that the first heavy battles for adult education will be played out.

Adult educators must also be vociferous in this respect, producing necessary needs and assembling resources in response of demand. In Newfoundland the education department of Memorial University had reached videotape about the impact of oil and gas exploration as early as October, 1979, to circulate to communities that questioned how the industry would affect their lives. After running 300 seminars, Memorial noted that most local fish companies and fishermen adopted negotiating models presented in the films.

If nothing else, the process of adult education has helped Canadians discover each other. Education's approach draws programs from all walks of life. The cross-fertilization is already apparent as retired assembly-line workers turn up for university lectures on the North-South dialogue and middle-class mothers stop eagerly through public milk learning how to manage a wild lot. Regardless of government support, these learners will plague relentlessly on. Concludes Colleen Wright, "You do it not only for yourself, but for your family, your employer and your community."

For more from Ann Marie Adler, David Palmer and Donald Gotschall



The graduates of the 10th grade, 1980, and plant breeders at Quebec

Canadian cannot read or write and more than five million are functionally illiterate. For many of those people the priority placed on high-technology job training is useless. As John Kenneth Galbraith once remarked, "The conquest of illiteracy comes first."

The amazing government scramble to re-think adult education has been spurred not only by devastating educational cutbacks but by political blunders. In the past year both Ontario and Quebec have passed thoughtful draft recommendations to shift resources to those who need the education the most. But while Ontario, in a bid to support the so-called "Third System" of education, expects a mammoth hands-off approach, Quebec is working in the opposite direction. The \$100 million Quebec commission on the issue, headed by Michèle Jean, is effecting the way for a second Quiet Revolution in that province. With talk of launching Quebec's regional development, the 700-page report calls for a "democratization" and a "decentralization" of continuing education. "It must no longer be regarded as a luxury reserved for the elite."

While revolutionary for Quebec, the idea of establishing a national educational "brokerage," co-ordinating such community resources as libraries and school boards, has Canadian precedents. Jean, herself, admits that both Alberta's well-established Further Education Council and the regional education programs in British Colum-

ghia as a second language and other credit courses (Continuing education in that province accounts for \$40 million, or less than one per cent of the provincial education budget.) But at the same time, it is a move to placate marketplace competitors. Ontario has cut all direct funding for school boards' general interest courses. While this will have little real impact on the number of course offerings—schools will reallocate revenues or must cutback from slightly—the philosophical intent has enraged students and school administrators alike.

Another obstacle stopping greater planning and funding for adult education is the apocalypticism of the student population. Adult learners appear to be highly influenced by trends, swinging from studies in El Salvador and Islam one year, to computer programming the next. Studies are interrupted by job transfers, childbearing

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Crowning their first year of fairy-tale marriage, Prince Charles and Diana, Princess of Wales, happily posed the first official photos of their baby son, Prince William Arthur Philip Louis of Wales, last week. The infant looked decidedly uncomfortable at the camera of grand-uncle Lord Snowdon but at the tender age of five weeks seemed hale and hearty. Earlier in the week his mother made her first official public appearance since the liver transplant, renewed, looking radiant at a thanksgiving ceremony in St. Paul's for the return of the Falklands conflict. This week the little prince will be ushered into the controversial world by the Archbishop of Canterbury at a strictly private christening. Charles and Diana have carefully chosen the music to be sung by a small group of chorists: choral in composition, sacred and gold, terms for the 80 guests they invited with single-hand invitations. The baby will, of course, wear the 140-year-old Windsor christening gown, which has covered all of Queen Victoria's British descendants, but will miss out on the post-ceremony champagne and sugar-laden cakes. The ceremony will mark not only Prince William's debut but also the 45th birthday of his great-grandmother Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

The Ottawa old-boy set has been without its celebratory watering hole since the stately Rutledge Club was razed by a well-attended fire nearly three years ago. The gracious Victorian building had already been slated for expropriation, and now a new club is rising from its ashes. Sponsored by a \$16-million federal settlement, Gens will be the prestige of having a rendezvous right across from Parliament Hill, but the new building will, if negotiations are successful, at least be centrally located on what is now a downtown parking lot. Former Tory and favorite of Joe Clark's, Jean Piquet, the first woman to crack the no-ladies-policy barrier just before the fire, feels the new digs "will be the most 'in' place" to hang out. Yet many of the country's latest wave of movers and shakers disdained the somewhat stuffy club long before it set up temporary headquarters in a Chateau Laurier suite that once



Prince William with Mom and Grand established last Tuesday

housed Depression-era Prime Minister R.B. Bennett. They have migrated to the Centre Universitaire, a strictly upper-class open space town.

Eighteen years old and on top of the world, that's how Canada's newly chosen goodwill ambassador Klaus Gossia, Baldwin of London, Ont., is feeling. Crowned Miss Universe 1988 last week in Lima, Peru, the first Canadian beauty to win the international beauty pageant borne with the reluctant cheer that characterizes hearty

queens. "I got a lot into the competition. But I would have been a winner no matter what because I have gained experience I wouldn't have had otherwise." The year ahead will include extensive promotions (her first trip in a South American tour for the Mapleline at the end of the month) and a plethora of charity functions, but fashion is Karen's passion. She won the contest in a \$4,000 gown designed especially for her by Wayne Clark of Toronto and hopes to open a costume store after graduating from university. "A degree is something that can't be taken away from you," she says obliquely. Baldwin was non-committal about Klaus Florentz's march behind her as a contestant that she should have at least placed first runner-up. "I respect the judges' decision."

she maintains. "Miss I still probably said something she didn't mean to say." After only a few days under the crown, there does not seem to be much chance of that happening to her Miss Universe.

Traditionally, Quebecers have not scribbled a toe on their representatives of the Queen. But the last days of the lieutenant-governor may be numbered. The current royal envoy, former federal cabinet minister Jean-Pierre Gossia, has a host of helpers (and helpers' helpers) that would make some kings blush: three secretaries, two clerks, a butler, two cooks, a coach, a valet, a maid, two drivers, three chambermaids, a gardener, and two bodyguard-shaferes. "The lieutenant-governor in Quebec is one of the best looked after in the country," Gossia says. "But I have no control over it." His longtime friend, parliamentary journalist Jean-Marc Potvin, says that Gossia's minions were based on him. "He's a man of very simple tastes," Potvin says. Prime Minister Jean Charest recently intimated that the office may soon feel the pinch of the province's restraint program and intimated that he has not yet lightened the \$462,000-a-year purse strings because he did not want to be accused of petting a Saskatchewan Premier. Gossia would have said as much. That province's lieutenant-governor, C. Edwin McInnes, has resided in a Regina hotel since 1979. The cost of keeping him—a mere \$28,000 a year.



Miss Universe flanked by her runner-up, co-representative

One of the world's richest men, Prince Karim Aga Khan IV, left his Paris estate for downtown Burnaby, B.C., last week where he dedicated the first Jambhikhana (prayerhouse) to be built in North America by his followers, the Shri Isma'i (Isma'i) Muslims. Although residents had protested against the construction of the building when British Columbia's 7,000 Jambhikhana (mainly refugees from Afghanistan) announced their plans four years ago, thousands turned out for a glimpse of the 60-year-old direct descendant of the prophet Muhammad who is celebrating his silver jubilee as imam (spiritual leader) this year. The ceremony itself



The Aga Khan "breezily" changed

paled in comparison with the old custom of presenting the imam with his weight in silver, diamonds and platinum. But "times have changed," the Aga Khan has explained, and besides, any man who keeps a sizable stable of 500 thoroughbreds for enjoyment hardly needs the extra revenue.

Bob Bosen and his fellow Shingonians have been travelling the byways of the action from Tellico, B.C., to St. John's for more than a dozen years. Despite the lack of a recording label, the group has managed to stay afloat by selling most of the 50,000 copies of its live album out of the back of stage-door pickup trucks. "It had known how difficult it was going to be," says the 36-year-old founder, "I wouldn't have done it." Now Bosen is giving up the road for a year to further his budding career as a folk historian. The author of *Settling Clapnet*, an oral history of Vancouver Island's west coast, is considering an offer from a local publisher to write another look about the same area. "It's a task, except that some of the characters are," he laughs. Before he hangs up his banjo, Bosen at least had the satis-



Dennis (left) and Mike with their Cessna. But will the Lowbuck be ready?

faction of playing *The Maple Leaf* Day in front of Prince William at the Canada Day celebrations on Parliament Hill. One woman's day a long time ago? a soapbox band. *Prince William* *Everyone* searched until they gave up when somebody sent the members' postcards in the mail and starting in barbed, but for the day, we have Joe Clark. How did the PM like it? "I'm told he enjoyed when he was barred," says Bosen, "and looked relaxed when the final line came."

They may not get to do much sight-seeing, but just Joe Clark, 55, and expletive *Amos*, 22, who intend to climb the globe in their Cessna 200 in seven days, will still be on the most exciting trip of their lives. This week the two Canadians are attempting to break the world record for single-engine aircraft (seven days, 18 hours, 15 minutes and 37 seconds) while raising money for the Canadian Cancer Society. Mike, a bush pilot in St. John's, Ont., and Dennis, a flying instructor at Montreal's Dorval airport, hope to ex-

ceed their original \$1-million fundraising goal and crack the Guinness Book of World Records in one Gang! fell swoop, which was to start at Dorval last Sunday. Money has been being in from companies getting advertising space on the side of the plane and from individuals who can sign their names and pen a message for \$10. One Winnipeg woman inscribed a marriage proposal to her beau in Denver, and when the fly-boys land there on Aug. 6, the boyfriend is expected to prefer his scribbled yes or no. Mike and Dennis have been told to expect military welcomes at refueling and supply points such as Kulusu Lomper and have received around \$10. But the real "addition" for their journey will be the 15-hour, 2,100-nautical-mile haul between Honolulu and San Francisco. With an 800-lb fuel capacity (30 hours' flying time) and a plane that has been strapped to its bare bones, "If we encounter 100-knot head winds, we might have to ditch our aircraft and meet the Lowbuck," says Dennis.

—WRITTEN BY BARBARA BRIGHTON

Shingonians founder Bosen during the road for a career as a folk historian





backed assimilation by Edmonton. Their "small-town integrity."

Like suburban enclaves, the new enclaves have spread throughout the countryside, sometimes at the financial expense of rural communities. Larry Tobias is only one of 1,200 who have left the small town of Okanogan, B.C., since 1976 in search of better housing, larger lots and lower taxes on the periphery. But though his nearly two-acre lot is a 30-house subdivision east of town is "something I've been looking for all my life," it is one of 1,300 reasons why

professionals that it takes a while for country communities to show confidence in city upstarts. "In Elora, they say you have to be here for 150 years before you're a local."

For Gordon Disher, 25, and Richard Johnston, 30, their migration last year to the countryside about 50 km north of Toronto was a flight from big-city noise and pollution. After living on a once-tranquil street in the Beaches area of Toronto, they finally gave up on the small of the nearby generating station and the whims of insensitive neighbors.



Beefing business, B.C.: diversified industry and rural charm keeps a path the young around

Okanagan want year farms a \$60,000 drop in tax revenue. But economic considerations aside, Gerald Walker, professor of geography and social science at York University, says the rise of small towns vs. rural suburban growth is academic.

"What's really going on is an extension of suburbanization into the countryside." Pious asphering these urban waders, however, differ widely from person to person. Bob Hellewell, who, with his wife and two children, lives on a converted lot on Horsby Island in the Strait of Georgia, moved to this beautifully forested retreat in 1974 as a personal challenge. An architectural designer, Hellewell wanted to use if he could make it professionally outside the city. Eight years later he is still on the island and has developed a local contracting business. The move, he says, has taught him how to live his time with more substance and less of "the self-seeking diversion and entertainment of the city."

Other professionals have attempted to follow the population shift. Joe Senig, an architect in the town of Fernie, B.C., a 100 km from Elora, that quiescently prospered town just 80 km from Toronto, moved for the cheaper housing. But he warns other

not going to get the money good people to work in. Also's Airport. Every province has one of these."

Every province also has a resource town. And the 190 or so communities—fast-growing places such as Elkhart, B.C., or small overnight ghost towns as Cranston City, Sask.—are generally as socially removed from Canada's other small towns as they are geographically. Iva Robbison, University of Calgary professor of urban planning, says resource towns and the hundreds of other single-industry settlements of Canada are boom-and-bust centres, heavily populated by young, single males and given to all the social problems associated with isolation and an unbalanced social mix.

Adjustment problems for suburbanites in the country are often noted in having to live with local resentment. Gordon Cohen, a 44-year-old potter in the hamlet of Salton, Ont., though pleased with his move, admits to having been "taken left and right" by local businesses when he first settled in the area. Worse, his 25-year marriage dissolved within six months of moving to Salton. "She couldn't take the country."

Value clashes have split many of the growing towns lately. In the quiet of the middle. Bond Head, Ont., the sleepy rural community west of Toronto, woke up a decade ago to find a 110-house subdivision plunked down in an empty corner field. The suburbanite families from surrounding urban centres—brought the city with them, according to Rev. Herbert Hall, minister of the local Anglican church. Commuter-living, drinking and noise were enough to raise more than the purchase of the local farmers. Even as the community has solved its difference, another subdivision is coming to town.

Though the increasing suburbanization of the country is unlikely to turn most city dwellers around, some have wavered whether rural migration has already peaked for other reasons. Indeed, high energy costs may still the continued demoralization of the city, while the economic crunch of the past few years may stave off any small sector of Canada dependent upon a single industry for economic sustenance. According to Senig, though, most of the damage has already been done. "It's really a shame that we come into an area like Elora, where the housing is great and not too expensive and local children out of the area. Some of the qualities that I came here for are disappearing."

With Jane Tom, David Pickers

## CONSUMERISM

# The cheque writer's dream

Behind the teller's cage at Maney Mart in Edmonton, a loaded, sawed-off shotgun hangs on the wall to remind would-be robbers that the new cheque-cashing store is not an easy target. The shotgun, however, has not deterred customers. In fact, the service—which opened last month and is the first of its kind in Canada, geared strictly to making payroll and personal cheques with or without identification—is a bold new enterprise that has become popular among many residents of the city. "Business is so good," comments Steve Clark, one of the owners who also doubles as a cashier, "that on an average day Maney Mart will cash 60 cheques." Indeed, Clark and his partner, Mark McDonald, plan to open a second store this month and an outlet in Vancouver in October.

Unlike the cluttered banks, Maney Mart stays open 12 hours a day, seven days a week. Because Maney Mart neither lends money nor dabbles in the mortgage trade, it is classified as a service

and thus can sidestep the city's Land's Day Act barring retailers from selling goods on Sunday. By charging clients six per cent of the amount on payroll cheques, 16 per cent on personal cheques and a whopping 21-per-cent fee on out-of-province personal cheques, the business is the envy of many money establishments.

**A new enterprise has become popular among Edmontonians—it cashes cheques with or without identification**

The services rates, however, have not put much disapproval from the cheques. Explains Clark, who sits prominently near the company's backlot hidden in a safe reinforced with 17 cm of concrete. "You've got to understand

that we cater to transient groups, truck drivers and blue-collar types who work odd shifts. You won't find your regular professional types in here, because they have a wallet full of credit cards."

Aside from the shotgun and heavy-duty vault, several other safety precautions have been taken. All customers are photographed by a video surveillance system and must agree to have thumbprints taken before cheques of \$500 or more are honored. Customers are separated from clients by two bullet-proof glass shields. Yet the business remains vulnerable. Personal cheques totaling about \$14,000 have been stolen, and eight customers have been arrested for passing forged cheques.

Understandably, the business has been popular with the Edmonton police force's fraud squad, which, of late, has been overrun with a growing number of complaints about bad cheques. Staff Sgt. Ed Walsh takes a dim view of the new cheque-cashing store. "I have reservations about it because, as far as I am concerned, we have taken care of that service." Neither does he have much sympathy for the Maney Mart's most concerning people who write bad cheques. "We're not going to break our necks going after them." —CAROL BREMAN

# THE PILL IS GETTING HARDER TO SWALLOW

The side effects of the pill are well documented to-day. But all along, there has been an effective alternative. The Condom. To-day birth control has become a joint responsibility and more and more couples are choosing the

condom as their method of birth control. Ramses and Sheik are two of the most popular brands in Canada and every condom is electronically tested to ensure dependability. Buy them at your drug store with confidence.

John Schmal of Central City, Ontario, writes: "I've been using Ramses condoms for a long time. They are perfect for people who want confidence."

## Stimulating the senses

With an inability to distinguish sweet sounds and a comprehension problem often made Sheila Campbell miss the gist of what was being taught in her private girl's school in Toronto, Catherine is now a 10-year-old learning disabled and frustrated by her plodding progress, she dropped out of school after Grade 10. But a new device, called a Synero-Energizer, now being used by at least two Ontario institutions, is giving her an extra boost. Together with other remedial methods, the teaching aid is helping make sense out of her otherwise jumbled world. Says she: "It's like putting the whole picture together for the first time."

The problem Campbell had and many others face is that they are unable to correctly interpret messages they receive. The Synero-Energizer allegedly rectifies the way in which a malfunctioning mind integrates information by stimulating brain-wave activity and by synchronizing the right and left hemispheres of the brain. This is achieved with a sensory onslaught of flashing lights and modulated sounds for up to 30 minutes. Keeping the eyes closed, a subject dons goggles masked with lights and a set of earphones that pipe and amplify from the rhythmic sounds of a metronome to the gentle chords of Mozart. A subject may also wear a "nose phone"—a shoulder speaker that sends vibrations through the torso. Chaired in a room, Dr. Dean Gorges, a Cleveland, Ohio, psychiatrist, "People learn more efficiently and deeply with a high state of arousal."

To the activities using the machine it is nothing less than remarkable. The Lorman Institute in Toronto and A Place to Learn in Aurora, Ont., each purchased the \$4000 equipment for learning disabled children and adults. Jo Anne Laughlin, a divorcee of the Lorman Institute, says that all 56 of her students use the machine, some as often as three times a week. "It's a most thrilling, enjoyable way to learn," claims Laughlin. "Everyone who has been on the machine has made gains." While the theory may seem hazy, Laughlin says the results are tangible: increased attention span, memory retention, reasoning ability and auditory acuity.

While Gorges has not proven scientifically that the machine synchronizes



Subject wearing the Synero-Energizer: a boost for the learning disabled

the brain hemispheres, electroencephalograph testing has shown that varying light frequencies do trigger brain-wave responses. The system definitely creates an altered state of awareness, says Dr. Marshall Dikla, a Miami, Fla., neurologist, one of the few scientists who has worked with Gorges' system. But he feels that it is only a crude model of things to come. "The Synero-Energizer is no longer state of the art," he claims. "There will be a whole new generation of similar systems that will be very interesting."

**The Synero-Energizer allegedly rectifies the way in which a malfunctioning mind integrates information**

Indeed, Gorges himself is working space to keep up with advances in the field. He is currently refining the Synero-Energizer, compacting the regulating unit into a pocket-size computer size that can be clipped onto a belt. Gorges is understandably fearful that mass marketing of the device may result in its becoming a hybrid Rocky Wollstonecray-Traquility Tank. But for Sheila Campbell, the computer is more than a lid. "The megared is such," she says. "It's the first time anything has worked out for me."

—JENNIFER WELLS

## A mask for stammering

Stutterers have always envied the sound of their own voice. Indeed, hearing hating, choked speech has long been known to impede the stammerer's ability to utter words correctly. The Glasgow, Scotland-based inventor has his experiment by rehearsing his speeches near goosling surf in order to drown out his voice. Now, a device called the Edinburgh Masker, an electronic apparatus that blocks or "masks" the wearer's recitation of his own voice, promises to make life easier for stutterers. "After being caged in for years," says Mike Hughes, 46, of Saint John, N.H., a lifelong stutterer, "I can use the telephone like a normal person and help my children with their homework—spelling words. I couldn't even pronounce before."

Developed at the University of Edinburgh by Scottish inventor Ann Dewar, the Masker looks no more intrusive than a hearingaid. A tiny throat microphone sits over the wearer's voice box. When the person begins to speak, vibrations of the larynx activate a pocket-size control unit that sends a buzzing sound through two thin plastic tubes to his ears. The noise prevents the speaker from hearing himself talk.

But the basic mask speech therapist is decidedly more enthusiastic since the device became available in Canada about nine months ago. "It's definitely able to assist in making a person's speech more fluent," admits Montreal speech therapist Catherine Colas. But she fears that the Masker may not ease such secondary problems as facial contortions and body movements. Says Dr. Robert Kidd, head of speech pathology at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry: "My prescription is that [one] should use speech therapy and therapy rather than rely on a machine."

Not surprisingly, some would-be users find the machine's noise too distracting. But Mike Hughes suffers no such qualms. Taking his cue from Chicago realtor Herbert Goldberg, a "cured" stammerer who has marketed more than 1,000 Maskers through his nonprofit Foundation for Fluency, Hughes has left his job as a draftsman at Saint John Dry Dock to sell the apparatus full time in Canada. So far he is the only Canadian supplier and has sold more than 30 at \$400 each. "I can't call it a business," he notes. "It's a passion."

—DAVID FOLSEY

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*The Financial Post*



Syngi, a potential big find for Canadian archeologists despite Greece's crackdown on foreign excavations.

## ARCHEOLOGY

# Nationalizing antiquity in Greece

Among the dry, undulating hills at Syngi, southern Greece, Dieter Williams thinks he is on something unusual. A grid of walls protruding from the ground there indicates that the small city buried beneath is the work of a town planner—an oddity for the Bronze Age. Most ancient cities in mainland Greece do not display such regularity, explains Williams, director of the Canadian Archaeological Institute in Athens. Then, he believes, would be the first planned town discovered on the mainland.

Until recently, Williams has not been allowed to pursue his hunch. He and other Canadians at the ancient-old institute have had to wait eight months for permission to survey Syngi. The lengthy delay stems in part from new determination by the nine-month-old Socialist government of Premier Andreas Papandreu to exercise greater control over the work of the 11 archaeological schools operating in Greece. Before last October's election swept the Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) to power, several Societies could not accept the presence of the foreign archeologists at cultural imperialism and as yet another instance of the interests of Greece being subverted by outsiders.

At the time, Michalis Merouris, now the minister of culture, termed some of the archeologists' activities unacceptable and vowed to tighten controls with a bill that would outline the limits of their work. Implicit in the restrictions is a long-standing fear that Greeks are all too often being left out of important discovery in Greece as a result of the loss of the Elgin Marbles

to the British Royal Museum in 1816.

For the Canadians the green light to begin work at Syngi finally came July 5—not a moment too soon. Local farmers had been uprooting to plough the neighboring fields—posing the threat of possible damage to the exposed stonework. However, at the same time, the government's strict enforcement of present regulations has caused further confusion on the site. The ministry has insisted on the stiffening of a 30-year-old law requiring a Greek supervisor to be present at the excavation site. Though patchily applied in the past, the law now stipulates that the supervisor be a qualified archeologist. Yet even with such government precautions, the Canadians are pessimistic about a ministry go-ahead to excavate.

Nevertheless, the Syngi project gives the Canadians a long-awaited opportunity to join the ranks of the more established schools in Athens—some of which have been defying elite Greek rules for more than a century. Officially registered with Greek authorities as 1991 for the first time, the Canadian establishment is a mere strapping compared to the French, U.S. and German schools, which date back to the mid-19th century. Canadians are no strangers to the Greek archeological scene—they have assisted other institutes for years. But Williams, an associate professor of classics at the University of British Columbia, feels that the new laws increase Canadian chances to fill gaps left by other schools, particularly in the overexpansion of fields.

Other Canadian projects have failed to win Greek approval even though the workers are prepared to comply with

the new rules. On June 1 the ministry turned down an application to continue excavations at a central Greek site, the town of Khedra. A team from McGill and Laval universities had invented two seasons digging at that location for a small town, dating back to the first millennium B.C. Local officials there are more concerned with providing housing for residents from nearby Thessalon where houses were damaged by last year's devastating earthquakes.

All archeologists in the country learned their lesson last year when a U.S. team revealed news of a find to the foreign press before the Greek ministry of culture was informed of the discovery. In a now infamous incident, United Press International was the first to hear of the U.S. school's discovery of the painted stoa. (The stoa, a freestanding structure) in the ancient Athenian agora, an market place, was the venue for meetings between Greek philosophers such as Zeno and their students.) From now on, warned Merouris, her ministry would be apprised first of any finds in Greece.

Protectionist policies in other archeologically rich countries such as Turkey and Israel have, however, been on the increase. It is a trend encouraged by UNESCO to afford more countries control over their own heritage and the way it is presented. Yet even Merouris himself is anxious to allay archeologists' anxiety at her gut-loose measures. Two weeks ago she met with the directors of all the archaeological schools to assure them that, despite the new rules, the government appreciated their role in assuring Greece's past.

—MICHAEL SCAFFER in Athens

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# A house of the naked and the dead

NIGHT SHIFT

Directed by Ron Howard

In the ramshackle and often deliriously funny *Night Shift*, New York City is both star and villain. Seen through the eyes of a reluctant-temperament nurse named Chuck Landry (Henry Winkler), the place is a leery collage of the wound-up and the walking wounded. Chuck is one of the meek who have inherited the dirt, un-

wrong town. When his night-shift partner arrives on the job, New York City's two extremes collide—the totally wired manic meets the moosey bureaucrat Bill Blazewski (Michael Keaton). Is one of those New Yorkers who can see a sucker a mile away. An "idea man," Bill enters his impromptu commercial improvisations into his Walkman, riddle paper to do away with the bother of office trash cans, feeding anyone else to tons to get ready-made tuna salad. When

As Bill puts it, "I got stuff coming in and going out." The still sober-minded Chuck wants to set up a dental plan for the girls and wilyly turns their money dumbly written by Lowell Gura and Babaloo Mandel. *Night Shift* is full of charming chatter.

Though the relationship is warm as well as wild, *Night Shift* runs into some trouble when it starts to take itself seriously. Chuck's falling for one of the paramedics (Shirley Lang) goes somewhere as the side of correction, and Bill's painful evasions about his mother strike discordant notes. *Night Shift* does not need to justify itself to an audience after entertaining it so thoroughly; its appeal lies in its chatty sharpness, both cheekily and comically. Chuck's discovery of his own aggression is like the story of Taxi Driver's Travis Bickle, told as a joke. The movie's sippy spirit is captured during an exchange when someone says of New York, "It's a risk world," and someone else replies, "Yeah, Chuck Gad."

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE

## A tedious salute to basic training

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN  
Directed by Taylor Hackford

Crushes are confused with gold mines in *An Officer and a Gentleman*, an earnest attempt at a service romance bogged down by detail. The training scenes at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in Port Rainer, Wash., are presented with tedious exactitude, as if all this information had been newly mined and revealed to the public. We already knew that military training is meant to break individuality and impose order; and we have seen the tough-but-with-a-heart-biding-somewhere drill instructor (Louis Gossett Jr.) in countless movies before. The standard mixed bag of cowards, dunces, rebels and know-it-alls in the training scenes—which seem to extend from here to eternity—squanders time that should have been devoted to the main characters.

The meekest officer candidate and, internally, the star is Zack Mayo (Richard Gere), whose mother converted suicide and whose father (Robert Loggia) is a boozing, wheezing sailor. Zack, who learned a mistrust of the world as a

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street-wise kid in the Philippines, has entered the program with one hell of a chip on his shoulder, he needs to vindicate himself in his father's eyes and as the old man one better. He is eventually broken down emotionally by the drill instructor and by Paula (Debra Winger), a girl from across Planet Sound who is intense and is better herself. Paula, who works in a factory and comes from an impoverished blue-collar background, is the kind of girl who believes that reading Cosmoetica will eventually bring her happiness. Her honesty, drive and sexy good looks make Zack realize that he's not "all alone in the world." He is not, of course he has all those training scenes to keep him company.



Gere, a rule dressed up in uniform

Richard Gere certainly has a lot of milk in him—he is a racing-race performance, and Debra Winger certainly has a lot of pluck, though she was seen to much better advantage in *Urban Cowboy*. As Gere's last friend, David Keith turns in a fine, touching performance, playing the image drape of a nurse. But this performance is the only one striking a responsive chord. For a piece of work portraying a man whose problem is caring only about himself, *An Officer and a Gentleman's* script and director reflect an almost narcissistic concern with its service milieu and its melodrama cliché. The only night as well have made this more. One more bludgeoned orphan from the drill instructor and the already beleaguered viewer might feel as if he is in a basic training too.

—L.O.T.

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Winkler (left), Keaton: one of the funniest moments as over to grace the screen

able to assert himself in a city that is essentially a cruel chess match of assertion and one-upmanship. When he sniffs out for a sandwich, it always arrives with the wrong bread. Chuck usually accepts it. His Midwestern Jewish girlfriend, Charlotte Keagle (Gina Hedin), is an ambulatory nerve, driving him crazy with her conviction that she is as big as a whale and her insistence that he check out the apartment for parking instructions before they make love. When he is shipped with the night shift at the morgue, Chuck's world is turned topsy-turvy. He arrives at his new job only to find it scolded with bitter by the day-shift guy, he looks down at a form on his desk to see "Something Folks" written in under "name of the deceased."

A nurse, Chuck Landry is living in the

Chuck shows him a picture of Charlotte, Bill casually replies, "Nice frame." While Chuck sits at his desk stumped, Bill uses the morgue car as a limo service.

These two are one of the funniest misadventures ever to make it to the screen. Who ever inspected that Henry Winkler was such a master of deadpan delivery or that Ron Howard was such a gifted comedy director? The *Illegals* *Over* boys gloriously burst out of their britches with *Night Shift*. And Michael Keaton is a revelation—a subversive smile wedded to an improvised sardonic. The inside of this man's head is like an all-night diner.

The movie takes us a full head of steam when Bill convinces Chuck to use the morgue as a front for some prostitutes whose pimp has been bumped off

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## FOR THE RECORD

# Savaging the appearances

IMPERIAL BEDROOM  
Alvin Costello  
(10/1)

At a glance, it is clear that Costello wants to be more successful. The back-cover photograph is the latest ever, and for the first time lyrics are enclosed. This is his most easily understood album and also his best, marking a new level of accomplishment in an already distinguished career. He is still as resourceful (see *Little Stranger*) as he stagey ("skating like tooth and nail"), but the voice is softer, and the music is gentler. Always alert to the dangers of appear-



Costello will tug your heart with affection

ances, Costello seems anxious to clear up mistakes about his own identity. He remains a prodigious workaholic who keeps the tapes coming fast and furious, but he wants to be known far more than his busy, biting wit in *Times* (Cryer) he urges. Maybe you don't believe my heart is on the right place? Who don't you take a good look at my face? Less consideration and more compassion. Costello tempers mockery with affection. Although the sarcasm of *The Long Honeymoon* sounds like a tempo by a lounge act in *Bluesville*, the sentiment of French accordion is not wasted on Costello, and he makes them the perfect accompaniment for a sleazy divorcee scene. This kind of adroitness is evident in every one of the 15 cuts, each bearing signs of Costello's genius. The *Attraction* record underwent expert and sensitive bookkeeping, and producer Geoff Exelby's touch is always deft and direct.



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## ANYTHING YOU WANT

Rinô  
(Shiny Plains/20/4)

New that so much pop music derives from the promiscuous coupling of men and machines, the idea of an entirely acoustic album seems fresh and novel. However, if you expect to sparkle alone with just your guitar and your songs, you had better make sure that the few simple elements are positively choice. Ben, a performer from Dawson Creek, B.C., who made a splash in the mid-'70s with bluesy folk-rock compositions, has not been so careful. He has an engagingly idiosyncratic voice, slightly high and yet capable of low-down growls, but only a couple of tunes—*Tough Times* and *Talk Around Town*—take advantage of it. The rest of the album is well-meaning dash, dressed in clothes about summer funk and northern rain. In this context, a line such as "Life ain't a cherry tomato" stands out as hand-edged and innovative.



## UNDER THE BIG BLACK SUN

X  
(WEA)

The key members of the L.A. punk firestorm are John Doe and his wife, Kenna Cavuska. In some earlier, more innocent times, she could have been Mimi, and he, Richard Farnes. But under the big black sun "I can't stand your grass deep mindfucks," instead, they lift their folkie voices to the accompaniment of jangling power chords and frenzied drums. On their third album the combination makes for one of the most arresting records of the year. Concocted in original ways with themes of sex, death and faith, every song is an odd achievement. Come *Kind to Me* is one of three cuts that refer to Elaine's dead sister, Denise. I do acknowledge how little it can mean to be married. *The Heavy Wolf* is fierce. All in all, this album provides great, provocative pleasure.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

## BOOKS

# A writer's moral duty

FACUSE  
By Graham Greene  
(Doubleday, \$19.95)  
paperback, 253 pp.

Written do not always live a life of sedation. In the past three years, novelist Graham Greene has become deeply and angrily involved in the political discourse of the day. The daughter of his close friends and neighbors in southern France. In 1959 her marriage to a Nice property developer and co-murderer (for theft and forgery), Daniel, broke down and, according to Greene, started a campaign of terror against Martin, her friends and family. Determined to break her spirit, Daniel was not content merely with brutal threats and physical abuse; he even abducted their young daughter, Alexandra, from Martin's custody. Yet the Nice as a shelter has been resistant to enhance his behavior or to remove Alexandra from his hands. Daniel is an alleged member of the Riviera underworld and an associate of one of France's most notorious gangsters. In writing his private war against Martin, however, he has run into an unexpected obstacle: Greene's lifelong pugilist *J'Accuse*, which sets out the grim details of the affair. In the first seven weeks of British and French publication, *J'Accuse* sold nearly 50,000 copies, yet in June a Swiss tribunal banned its sale throughout France and ordered the author to pay Daniel substantial damages.

Greene has worked as a journalist. A man who he built his case with painstaking detail. The result is as gripping as most of his novels—though less than a quarter as long. Daniel is described by Greene as "a man unbalanced, perhaps paranoid, even pitiable," but the super of *J'Accuse* is not directed against him alone. Greene claims that Daniel can feel justified in

his corrupt view of life because of the support he has received from lawyers, magistrates, politicians and policemen on the Riviera, many of whom are connected with the powerful criminal community. This apparent network of bribery and intrigue is Greene's real target. His investigations have been denounced by the mayor of Nice, Jacques Médecin, whose family has dominated the city's government since the 1930s.

Daniel is one of those who grow suddenly rich thanks to the presence in Nice of casinos and large-scale development in the 1970s. Some observers have seen him as a G.I. version of the anti-hero in Greene's early novel *Brighton Rock*, an underclass example of life imitating art. But there may well be a deeper connection with the vindictive title character in *Doctor Faustus* of Greene or the Bomb Party (1966). The narrator of that book attacks Faustus's "whole life, everything all the world, and his cruelty. He loved no one, not



Greene, an unassuming belief in the power of the word

even his daughter. The words are echoed in *J'accuse*, in which Greene calls Daniel "a criminal who could teach [his daughter] the meaning of hate but not the meaning of love." Daniel is not a fictional character, and Greene may not have the power to mellow or reinvent.

The moxy Martine has endured in and out of trouble, though, as Greene admits, "sometimes even" why then, despite the personal danger that his swordplay carries a pocket tear-gas canister, has he taken such pains to bring it to light? Daniel's answer is simple: "Greene is married by a desire for vengeance, he is being pushed by my former mother-in-law." Jacques Malenfant shrugs otherwise: "Greene is a spy in the way to make publicity."

A more likely motive is the romanticism long endemic in the famous novelist's character and the loyalty he shows toward friends in distress. But larger issues are also at stake. The title page bears to *Marie Sol's J'accuse* of 1898, which presented the imprisonment of the innocent Capt. Alfred Dreyfus. The opening words of Greene's *J'accuse*—"Let us have a warning"—recall a memorable assertion by the First World War poet "Wilfred Owen." All a poet can do today is warn. That is why the true poet must be truthful." Greene's decision to publish the details of Daniel's behavior, and of Martine's betrayal by officials who should have worked on her behalf, is evidence of his unswerving belief in the power of the word and the duty he feels to be in the forefront in the profession of writing.

Graham Greene is now 74, he has lived in the south of France for 16 years and hopes that it will remain his home. When asked by *The Sunday Times* why he did not dispute Martine's treatment in fiction, he replied, "I can't, because I am too close to France." The decision to stay has already proved demanding. Martine has fed Fraser, and in late July Greene, his English publishers and the London *Sunday Times* (which printed a long extract from *J'accuse*) sought to overturn the order of the Nice tribunal in the regional court at Aix-en-Provence. [A decision is expected later this month.] The charge is unique to French law: "infraction on privacy." It seems a sad outcome as contemporary France that Greene should be accused by Daniel, a convicted criminal who has, it would appear, viciously assaulted his ex-wife and his ex-mistress, and a false confession from an author man by fiction. Endangered his own daughter and threatened various acquaintances (including Greene) with arrest. Daniel and his protectors thrive on fear and silence—but this fearless, kind spirit may yet prove their undoing. —MARK ARLEY



Hollingshead: nothing typical happens

## That's the way boys are

FAMOUS PLAYERS

by Greg Hollingshead  
(*Clark House*, 140 pages, paperback, \$9.95)

As he says an eight-foot-four-inch (and growing) boy-giant in Greg Hollingshead's short story *Last Days* "This is the world, at least I see it in it, and it feels... how does it feel? Difficult to describe. A separated soul seems to crawl beneath of some kind. Good! I want to be far. Never to move from this spot, immediately to move from here." The boy-giant—aka, in his home village circa 1784, dreamed of enlivening his freckles to become the toast of Europe—in an display in London and takes in large quantities of wine, gets to drink or confound this new-found sense of the world. Fitting to his quest (those who seek to become "famous players" were treated replicas of themselves), he ends up "a skeletal facade of the source of astonishment." I was" his flesh out and his bones bled clear, then vined and mounted in an oak cabinet for exhibition.

Many boys and men go on quests in search of the world in the 12 stories collected in *Famous Players*, the first book by Hollingshead, a Toronto native who is currently teaching in Edmonton. Some went home, some went so more than to get from A to B, for reasons that are never more nor less nor traditional fairy-tale, but maybe hormonal. plots seem out of the material readiness of boys, even when the boys are 35. They often have good intentions, like little Delroy in *Stronger Car*, who heads out from the Princes on an Air Canada, not-7 because his favorite teacher, Miss Rank, "used to say that only action and travel can turn a boy

into a man." Delroy, like other characters in other stories, seeks signs to guide him on his way—in his case from this back and even Playboy magazine (which then is right there) but unfortunately the "supporting" world has a free-floating behavioral framework. Delroy manages to adjust to the facts that the captain is a man and that the man in the seat next to him looks like a humiliated shark and meets his Playboy/Right long but when a world-famous terrorist bent on blowing up the plane is revealed to be Miss Rank—what can a poor boy do? In a post-dread world, nothing at all.

Nothing at all typically happens in *Famous Players*. The world itself gives off so many false and momentous signals that the characters find even the messages of dreams suspect. Hollingshead speculates in ascribing incomprehensible signs into stories, using such careful and clear language that you begin to think him logical. After all, if a man went off on a quest in the world these days what would be his ultimate goal? An appearance on Johnny Carson (as in the title story)? A few minutes spent sitting on the end of the Queen's bed (as the prime minister, as in *Left with the Prime Minister*). A bag of potato chips (*My Jagger*)? Or justice, true love and the dignity of mankind (not available in Hollingshead stories)?

On optimistic days a reader might opt for optimal realism—an attempt to understand the real world on terms. Hollingshead's books are not.

—ANNIE COLLINGS

## MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 *The Parallel Man*, Jackson (3)
- 2 *The Man from St. Petersburg*, Roth (3)
- 3 *The Prophet*, Dunder (3)
- 4 *The Tree*, Davidson (3)
- 5 *Eden Burning*, Price (3)
- 6 *No Comforts*, French (3)
- 7 *Non-Comedical*, Greene (3)
- 8 *Eden Burning*, Price (3)
- 9 *The Angels Were*, Smith (3)
- 10 *Crimson Skin*, Macdonald

### Nonfiction

- 1 *Jack's World's Worst Book*, Pardo (3)
- 2 *Conrad with Love*, Mead (3)
- 3 *The Great Code*, Price (3)
- 4 *Plagues*, Levy (3)
- 5 *The League of Nations Book*, Lowman and Fisher (3)
- 6 *Living, Loving & Learning*, Schwartz (3)
- 7 *Years of Unbroken*, Kinsinger (3)
- 8 *The Face of the Earth*, Soloff (3)
- 9 *The Holy Road and the Holy Girl*, Simpson, Light and LeMoine (3)
- 10 *Who the Hell Stopped to Read*, People, Frutkin

(3) Positions last week

## MUSIC

# Injecting soul into a new machine

By Paul McGrath

Each year one pop song emerges that is so good it makes you wonder just as if it can't get out. *Soft Cell's* *Non-Solitary* is no exception. It was chosen the perfect pop song for portable radios and sidewalk speakers in the summer of 1982. What is different about the song by England's The Human League is that it is entirely electronic in nature. A decade after the synthesizer started to creep into pop music arrangements—first as novelty, then with increasingly serious applications—The Human League is the first electronic band, operating without standard guitars and drums, to occupy the revered top spot in the Billboard singles chart.

The group has become the most successful of a cluster of mostly British bands—including Soft Cell, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Duran Duran and ABC—that has distilled the '80s sound most commonly called "synthpop" down from the rarefied art school level to the funkier realities of the clubs.

That success has been the payoff of four years of hard work for the sextet but it is also testimony to strong advances made recently in the musical hardware department. Keyboard units that can produce a seemingly endless array of sounds from drumbeats to barking dogs are now available for about \$1,000, a price that a novice rock 'n' roller can afford. It is no wonder, then, that dozens of groups are similarly outfitting themselves, willing to take over The Human League's top spot. Gord Oskay, a Winnipeg drummer toying with a new drum synthesizer and a new electronic band, Ikona, explains, "It's been over the '80s, all the way. That machine isn't going to go away, and we have to shift with the times. I'm still a little scared by the whole thing."

Many people may be afraid of what they still hear as basically anti-human music, but in reality it's the country young musicians with no allegiance



The band TBA's electropop is cerebral but it also appeals to the masses

to older electric instruments are trying out the keyboards and opening up to a new world of sound. They are capitalizing on all the work done since the watershed Wendy (aka Walter) Carlos recording *Synthesizer in the Park* in 1968, such artists as Steve Wonder, Brian Eno and Vangelis gradually integrated synthesizers into the musical mainstream in the '70s. Most important is the fact that they are discovering that a solid electronic base and drum combination can still make people dance.

The dancing may be the bottom line of the electropop breakthrough. Of all the recent air-month dials in pop music, the new brand of electronic rock has concentrated most on a pulse suitable for moving feet. Such hits as Soft Cell's *Timed Love* (which also made the Billboard Top Ten) and Spandau Ballet's *Chant No. 2* and Peter Shelley's *It's a Wonderful Life* have made an actual impact in dance clubs before radio programmers would have a chance to let the futuristic sound.

And new wave are not primarily concerned for dancing, the electropop whippersnappers are reining the music's simplicity of pulse with the rhythms of disco. It is cerebral, but it also appeals to the masses.

Producer John Punter, who has worked with electronic pioneers Roy

Mossie and Japan, says the addition in the current electropop will be "A couple of years ago, when punk was at its heyday, who could spot on somebody else and whose at a guitar called himself a punk. Now they're all into electropop. The story is the same with every generation. These people with substance with real creativity, will keep on, and those without it will drop away."

Punter's hope is that The Rooms, from Burlington, Ont., will be one of the survivors. He is now producing the group's second album, in a Toronto studio, to capitalize on the success of his heavily synthesized single *Nowhere*. It is the only Canadian group of this type booked up with a major recording company, A&M.

The relative novelty of most of the electronic bands makes Vancouver's *W* and Toronto's *TBA* seem odd by comparison. Both prelate the 1981 '82 explosion, *TBA's* leading light, Glenn Schellenberg, is now one of the patriarchs of the scene. Since *TBA* started nearly three years ago, the ranks have swelled most recently in Toronto, with the arrival of the Dave Howard *Shogun*—one more, many keyboards, a tape loop and wadded film such as *I Am a Shogun*—and a curious synthesis of dance music, Bobby and Synthia. Schellenberg has been around long enough to shift his priorities to include a guitar. A lot of a beret, he has always said a drummer. "I am almost opposed to synthetic drums," he says. "I really hate that robot feeling to them."

But the indie musicians that characterized earlier synthesizer bands, such as Gary Numan's *Tubeway Army* and Ultravox, may have lost their novelty. "I've always thought it was simply a matter of time before these would descend into mainstream," says John Mills-Cockell, formerly of *Syrinx* and the days of the *synthesizer* in Canada. "With The Human League, people are getting back to it. It's something that the early '80s stuff managed to avoid. It's a relief." ☐

# Little boys and their toys

By Allan Fotheringham

I personally get a fair amount of pleasure from doing people to do certain things. That is why I'm enjoying this period in my political life.

Pierre Trudeau, talking about present economic conditions to a recent Ontario Liberal conference in Kingston

So now we know. Our present paragon fits in not due to Renee Healey's interest rates at all. Not due to William Friedman and his goofy supply-side philosophy that has so de-

stroyed the Orange County real estate tycoons and country club companies who rule the two departments in Reagan's good-guy/bad-guy trivia. It has nothing to do with our previous pink-faced Canadian bankers who indulged in an orgy of corporate takeover financing, the boys in the boardroom these days lacking like kids who break into the candy store and are now more than slightly blither around the girls. Instead, it has now been revealed, plans are afoot, men are put on the dock, bankruptcies skyrocket, industrial capacity fades—because the prime minister of the land is enjoying the trials of darning.

It fits in, actually, with the pattern of boredom that dominates his political career, speckled only with periodic fits of enjoyment. Pierre Trudeau has only enjoyed when he is in confrontations, when his lefty leniency is started by a punch-up, an encounter with a disputatious adversary, a slap on the nose. He is a political sleepwalker, jolted out of his daze only by a bucket of cold water.

His whole record of serving as confidant to his Kingston confessor fits in an emotional roller coaster, going between fits of passion. The War Measures Act was his finest hour, bringing out a courageous, tough leader who rallied his nation against an unknown foe with his chilling eloquence and undeniable courage. A man who did not have a war, Trudeau saw the October Crisis as his moment in the fire, an exasperation perhaps. The fact that we now know the

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"apprehended arrestation" was in fact a bag handful of revolutionaries—straggling home for their pencil, speaking—has nothing to do with it. Trudeau for once was roused and he responded magnificently.

He needs confrontation to energize his frozen-in-sight intellect. The boy in Saskatchewan twining wheat at him is told he is about to get his ass kicked. The demonstrator in Vancouver is called. The striking mail truck driver from Montreal are told what a stiffing diet they can eat as the rest of all the people speeds off in his lim-



ous. The TV reporter at the Parliament steps who jesses him on how far he would go in restricting civil liberties in the 1976 drama is told "just watch me." Watch me. If you think you can look around in my face, just watch me.

It's all educational, useful in studying the psychological pattern of one person, but it's a strange way to run a country. We are all games pigs, watching in some bemusement while Pierre Trudeau decides what he wants to be when he grows up. The country has always loved him. He hangs at it only in fits of exasperation, such as the memorable time when he returned from a lesson in reality delivered to him by cool mate Helmut Schmidt of West Germany and went on television to overturn the Canadian economic picture, only directing to inform them Prime Minister Jean Chretien among other members of his cabinet. It fits his record of dabbling periodically in the treacherous exercise of the national accounts. He barrels into periodic fits of exasperation, rather viewing

it all as a Mr. Fix-It, giving the impression that a little repair job on the shingles is all that is needed. Otherwise, he runs on his intellectual axis, bored with the treasure subject.

Pierre Trudeau, in essence, has never outgrown the need to be the pouty, knotted red bandana around the neck, hanging before the bulls of Pamplona. He likes to dare to do certain things. The first to wear sneakers and an ascot in Parliament. To throw sneakers at Lenin's statue in Moscow. To ride around Montreal on a motorcycle wearing a German helmet. To marry a dancing beauty 30 years his junior. To be the first prime minister to tell us "let's get off" in the Commons. To do a mocking promenade behind a queen. Always there is the image of the little boy wanting to stick out his tongue during the formal photography session.

Now, we have the country used as a yo-yo. The man consigned to lead as figure, only in reluctance, having to be persuaded to roll back the stone after his thorough resignation has promised the unconcerned that he does not plan to stand for election again. The half of the country he has destroyed for his own party's political prospects, Western Canada, solemnly wishes to see him depart. The Chrétien gave negatively in the starting gate. The Turans watch impotently, refusing to give away their hard MacRackles points and norms, his tongue his only defence as his prime ministerial chaises diagonale and his dollar drops to the wind.

Only now do we get a flicker of interest, a moment arising of the Freestian blinds of the wind. From the government that converted an anticipated \$10-billion deficit in seven months to a confessed figure of \$20 billion, we have the magic Six-Per-Cent Solution—proposed by a party that has approved a 42-per-cent increase for its in 38 months. Only now do we have the traces of the War Measures testicles, the sense of a man as a motorcycle who wants to put his helmet back on again. He wants to take on the country again. It's a hell of a way to keep a guy around.





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